BIG PRIZE
COMPETITION INSIDE...

MONSTER WRESTLERS
IN MY POCKET

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CONTENTS

6 Wrestling Superstars
Frank the Stone and Toad Trasher

8 Aquatic Amusements
Underwater wrestling is a giggle

12 Ringside Round-Up
Who's who in Monster Wrestling

14 Brain-Grappling
Puzzles to ponder

15 Arm-Wrestlemania
Comic strip action

20 Monster Munching
Marvellous monster meals for would-be wrestlers

22 Where's the Wrestler?
He's there somewhere

23 101 Uses for a Ball & Chain
Handy hints from Chain Gang Chomper

24 Emergency Ward
You'll need patients for this story

28 Wrestling Superstars
Bloodsucker the Vampire and Steel Slammer

30 Twin Ring Tag Trail
Game for a laugh

32 In Training
More comic strip action

37 You are a Monster Wrestler
Can you take the challenge?

41 Whose Stationery
Office equipment for yuppie wrestlers

42 Monster Memoirs
Grapplers from the past

44 Wrestling Superstars
Bulldog Drumhead and Ref 'Double' Nelson

46 New Sport In Town
United they stand, divided they fall

50 The History of MWW
A blast from the past

52 More Brain-Grappling
Keep pondering

53 The Flying Trapeze
Even more comic strip action

58 Wrestling Superstars
Stickleback and Howlin' Prowlin' Werewolf

61 Prize Competition
Monster Wrestlers In My Pocket toys to be won

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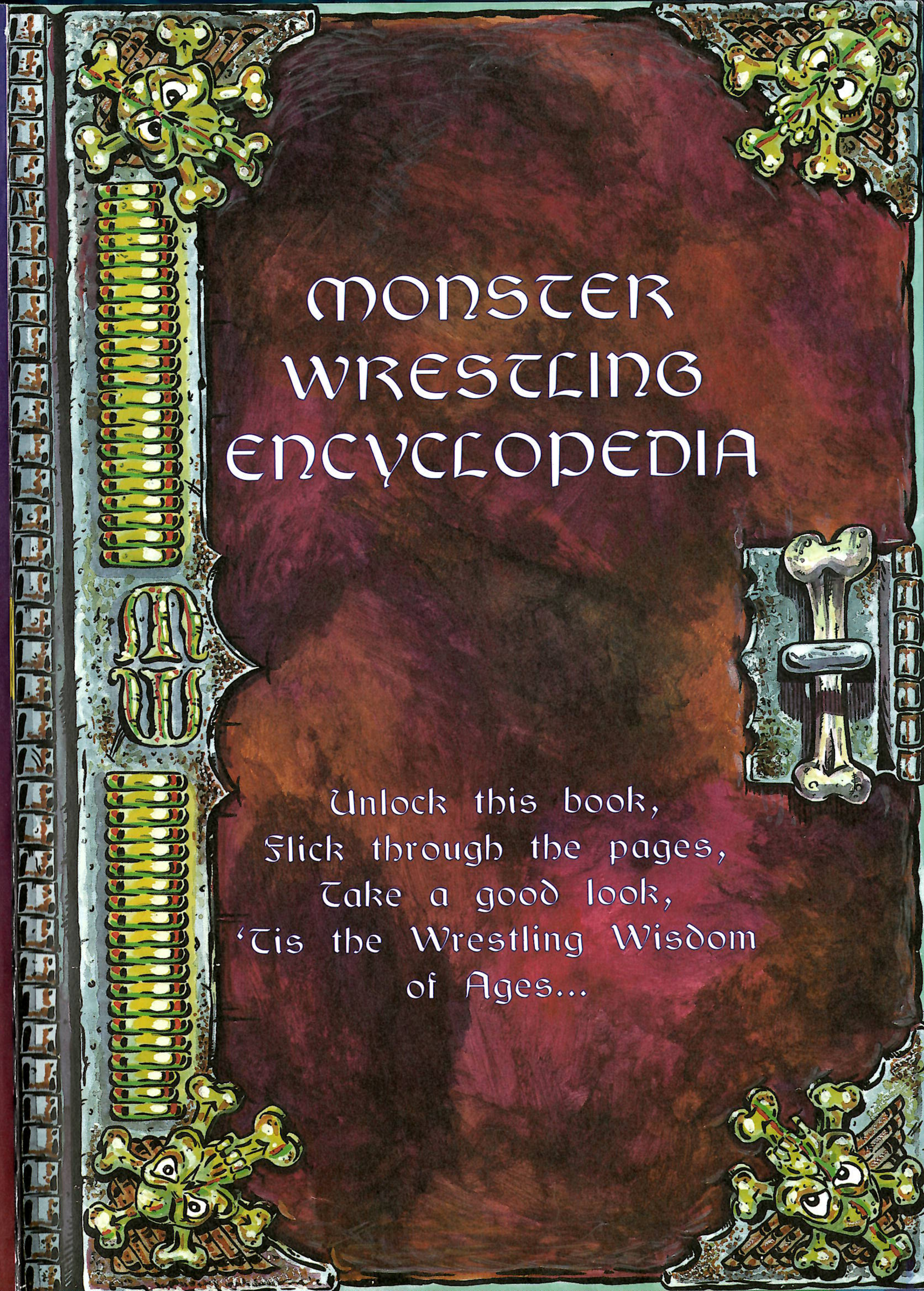
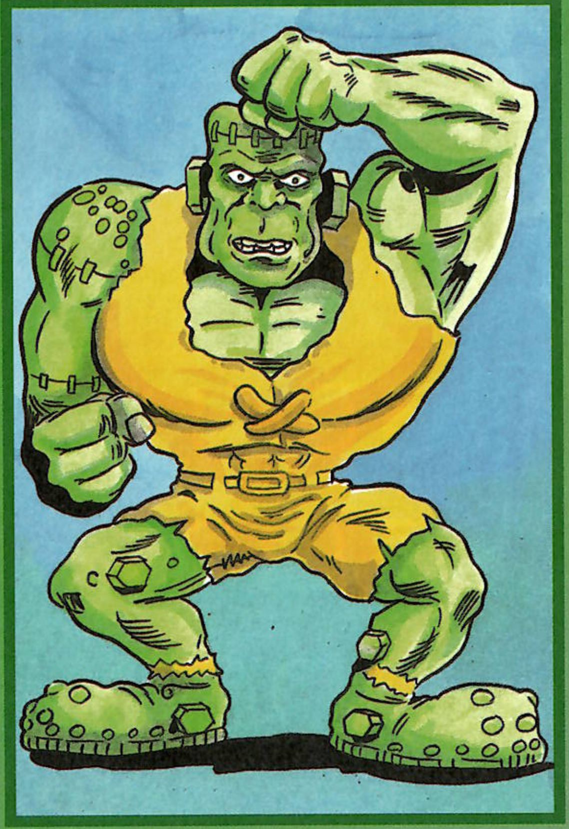


MONSTER WRESTLING ENCYCLOPEDIA

Unlock this book,
Flick through the pages,
Take a good look,
'Tis the Wrestling Wisdom
of Ages...

WRESTLING SUPERSTARS

FRANK THE STONE



Career Victories:
three, no... six, no... lots!

Championship Belts:
they're not really big enough

Hobbies:
pickling brains and labelling the wrong jars for the fun of it

Favourite Food:
anything that's not from a jar

Likes:
electrical storms

Dislikes:
angry villagers and flaming torches

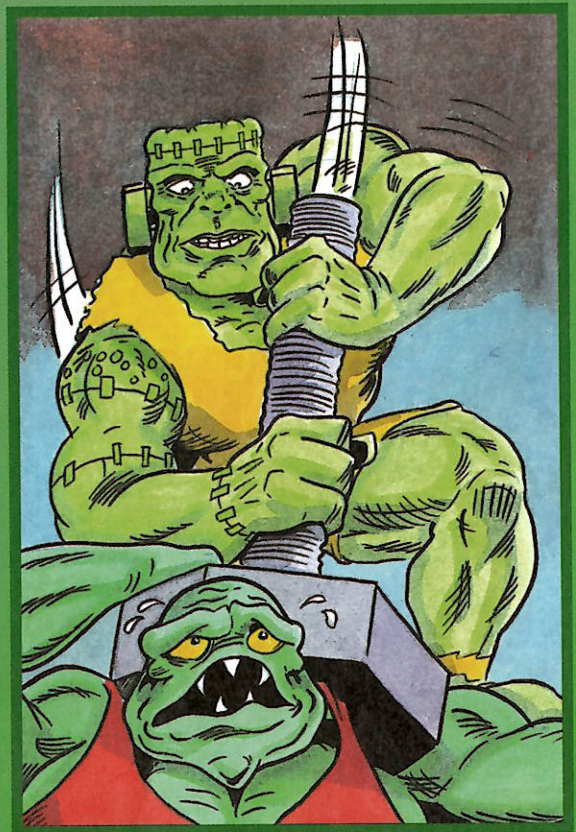
Most Feared Opponent:
the Physio-Terrorists - they always have me in stitches!

Future Ambitions:
to keep my head bolted firmly on

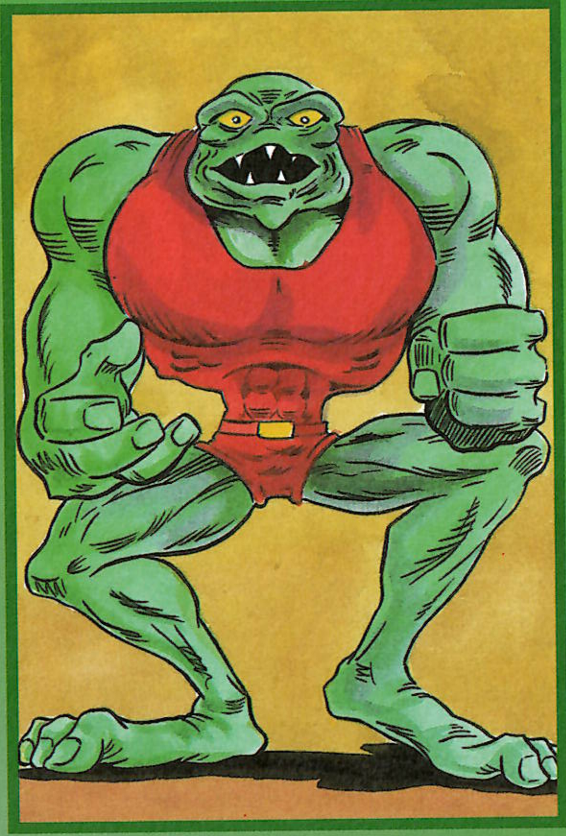
Favourite Hold:

THE BOLTS-ON STRANGLE

Frank the Stone's favourite hold raises the awkward question of props being used by wrestlers in the ring. Do you think it's fair? Would you dare tell Frank if it isn't? He uses a giant bolt on his opponents whether they like it or not and the manoeuvre involves sneaking behind his victims with the bolt. In theory, he then grips them around the neck with it, but more often than not, he gets carried away and bludgeons his opponent with the huge prop! And there's nothing worse than being hit on the nut by a bolt!



TOAD TRASHER



Career Victories:
two hundred (er... per week!)

Championship Belts:
sixteen - no really, I'll show you

Hobbies:
sticking my tongue out

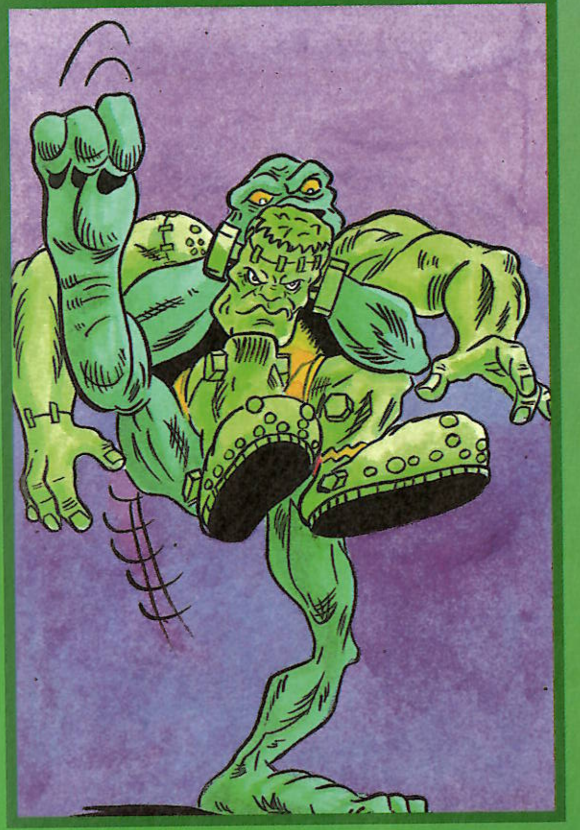
Favourite Food:
humans' legs and big juicy flies

Likes:
leap-frog and big juicy flies

Dislikes:
people who say "I toad you so!"

Most Feared Opponent:
the only thing we have to fear is fear itself - pretty scary, huh?

Future Ambitions:
to settle down, spawn and raise several million little wrestlers



Favourite Hold:

THE FRANTIC FROGMARCH

Talk about frantic! When Toad Trasher puts you in his favourite hold, you are not only in danger of losing a wrestling bout, but you look very silly indeed! He grips his opponents around the shoulders and proceeds to march around the ring holding them. His victims usually submit through pure embarrassment, but it has been known for the Toad to have to frogmarch two or even three hundred times around the ring before he gets the result. That's why he always keeps a toad stool close at hand to sit on for a rest!

WARNING - These holds are performed by Monster Wrestlers who have trained all their lives to fight in the ring and, in many cases, are far too stupid to feel any pain. Don't try them at home!

AQUATIC AMUSEMENT

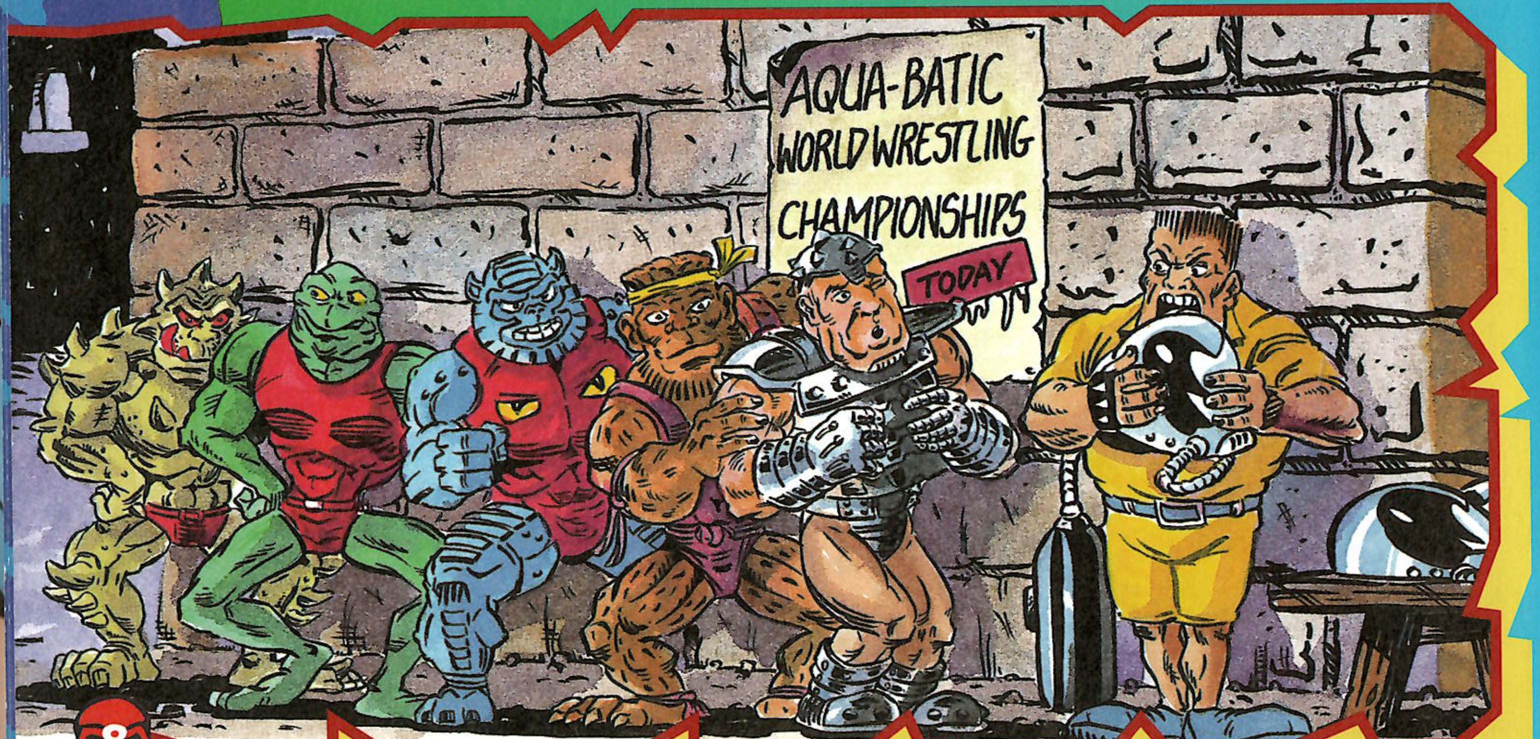
Stickleback and Toad Trasher were both feeling pretty confident. The annual **Aqua-Batic World Wrestling Championship** had come around again and one of them was bound to win it.

"Wrestling at the bottom of the sea always gives us **water-breathers** a big advantage," gloated Stickleback, as they queued up to register for the event. "I reckon I'll beat you in the final again, Toad - just like last year!"

"We'll see about that," croaked Toad Trasher. "I've been training in my bath for weeks to get ready for this. You'll not trip me up with a piece of **seaweed** this time - I'll be ready for all your tricks!" As the pair drew near to the front of the queue, they were shocked to see that Ref 'Double' Nelson was handing out special **diving helmets** to each contestant.

"Hey, what's going on, Ref?" complained Stickleback. "These guys normally have to hold their breath during the Aqua-Batic Championships. You can't let them have any **artificial** help!"

"Oh yes, I can, Stickleback," replied Ref 'Double' Nelson. "No-one apart from you and Toad Trasher has won this Championship for more than ten years - I'm just evening up the odds a bit!" He continued passing out the diving helmets, much to the annoyance of Stickleback and the Toad.



"That's not fair," protested Toad Trasher. "Well, all right, it **is** fair I admit, but it's not fair on **us**. We always have an unfair advantage underwater and, as far as I'm concerned, that's only fair. I mean, well... oh, I don't know what I mean, but I do know that it's not fair. Not fair at all!" Feeling rather unhappy, toad Trasher skulked away with Stickleback to discuss tactics and to try and work out just what on **MWW** he had been talking about!

"We need to find a way of tipping the odds in our favour again," said Stickleback. "Perhaps we could cut off the air supply to everyone's helmets."

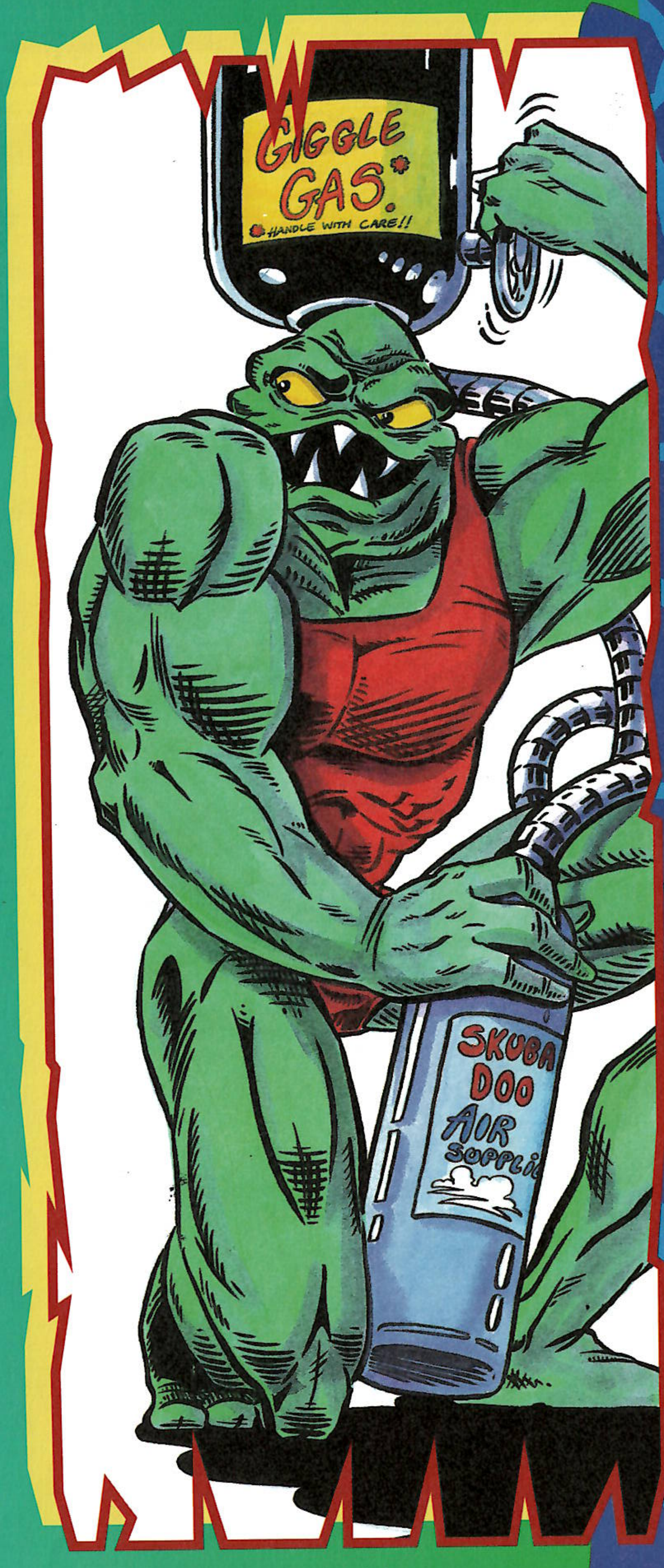
"Good thinking," said Toad Trasher, "but it sounds tricky and I reckon they'd notice pretty quickly. I can think of a better idea, though..."

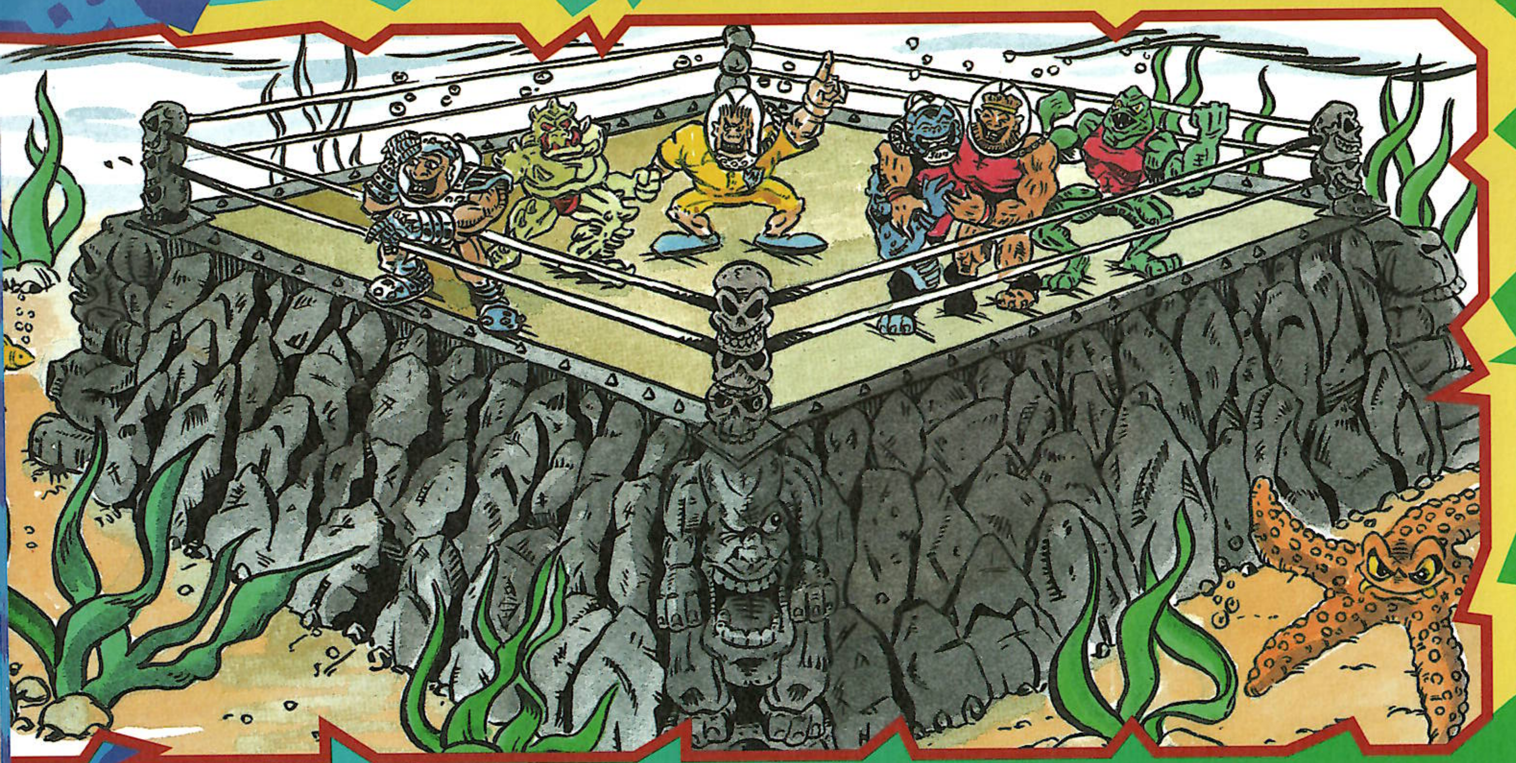
Having sneaked into Ref 'Double' Nelson's equipment storage room with Stickleback, the Toad found the air cylinders which would have to be attached to the diving helmets to make them work. Carefully, he emptied the air out of the cylinders and filled them all up with **Giggle Gas**! "We'll see who's laughing when they try breathing this stuff!" he cackled.

"I should think **they'll** be laughing if the gas works properly," his companion pointed out.

"Oh yes," agreed Toad Trasher, "but that's exactly my point! They'll be laughing too much to wrestle - then we'll have the **last** laugh!"

"Well, I can't argue with that," Stickleback told him, truthfully, since the Toad's logic always confused him and he wouldn't even have known where to start.





Later that day, many of Monster Wrestling World's top wrestlers gathered on the ocean floor for the Championship. Each of them wore one of the special diving helmets, except for Toad Trasher and Stickleback, who both wore smug grins on their faces instead.

"Welcome to the 27th annual Aqua-Batic World Wrestling Championship!" announced Ref 'Double' Nelson from the middle of a very disgruntled wrestling ring.

"**Typical!**" spluttered the ring. "Every year we drag ourselves down here to the bottom of the sea - and does anyone offer **us** diving helmets? Some hope! We could drown for all these wrestlers care!" Feeling safe - and, for some reason, uncommonly jolly - from inside his helmet, the Ref continued his introductions.

"Our first contest is between - hee, hee! - Grunt and Toad Trasher. Then we'll have - ha, ha, ha! - Simian Smasher and - hee, hee! - oh, whoever he wants to fight!" giggled Ref 'Double' Nelson. "In fact - hee, hee! - who cares what order you fight in - ha, ha, ha! - just get wrestling, boys!" As he ran to the corner and collapsed into helpless laughter, the Ref noticed that everyone else was having fits of the giggles, too. "Something very - hee, hee! - strange is going on here," he laughed, as the wrestling began in the ring.

"My plan is working **perfectly**," Toad Trasher smiled with satisfaction. "In a few minutes, none of our opponents will be able to stand up due to their uncontrollable laughing, let alone wrestle with us."

"In that case," said Stickleback, leaping at the Toad, "I'd better put **you** out of action now, while you're not expecting me to strike." Before Toad Trasher could react, he found himself floored by Stickleback's infamous Spinal Tap and he was out of the Championship. "Now I can't lose," chuckled the scheming water-breather. "None of these giggling fools can possibly defeat me." Sure enough, most of the other wrestlers were already lying on their backs, helpless with laughter. Before long, only Simian Smasher was left standing to face Stickleback.

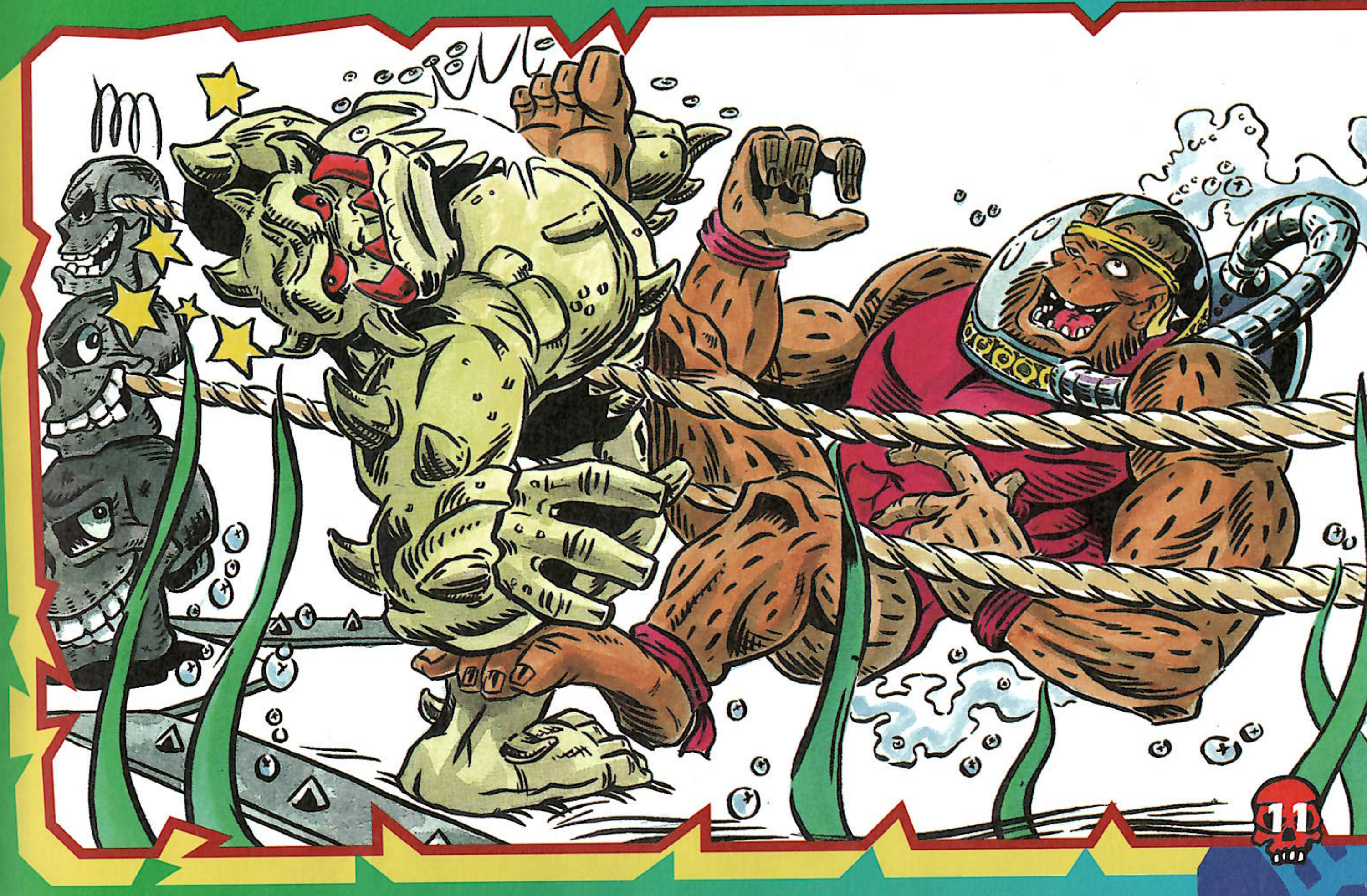
"I suppose - ha, ha, ha! - you think this is - hee, hee! - **funny**," said Simian Smasher, as he jumped around the ring trying not to laugh. "Oh, it's no good," he groaned, "I can't stand it anymore - ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" As his opponent writhed around uncontrollably, Stickleback looked on feeling very pleased with himself.

"I'd better finish the poor monkey off," he decided, walking up to the giggling Simian Smasher. "He's not in control of his actions anymore." As Stickleback tried to get a grip on him, however, one of the ape's legs smashed into his chin and knocked him over the ropes!

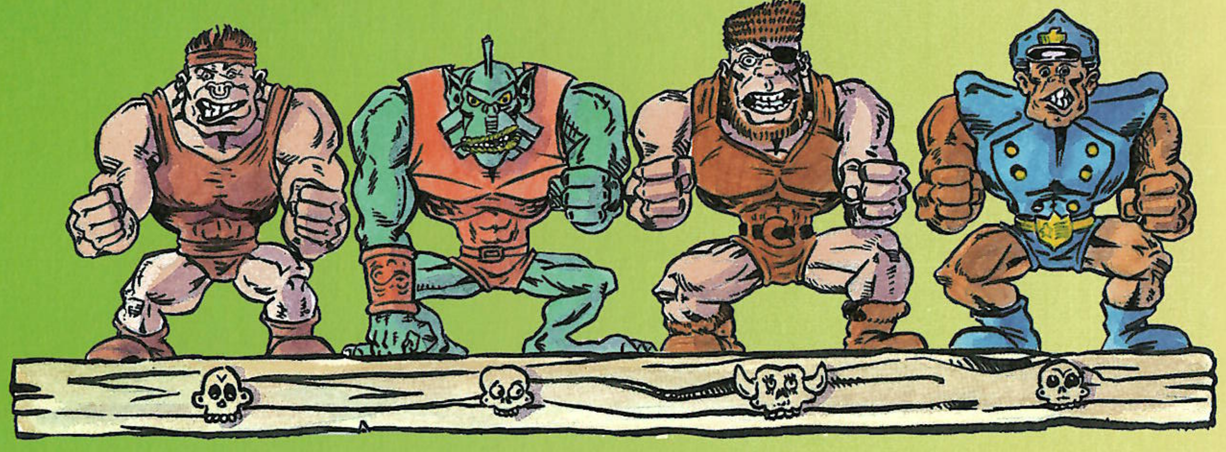
"**Oh no!**" gasped Stickleback as he landed flat on his stickly back on the ocean floor. "I'm out of the Championship - that crazy monkey has won by **accident**!"

"That's right - hee, hee, hee!" laughed Simian Smasher, delighted with his good fortune. "I've - ha, ha! - done it! And I - hee, hee, hee! - couldn't be more happy!" Still laughing helplessly himself, Ref 'Double' Nelson handed Simian Smasher the Championship trophy.

"Well done - hee, hee! - lad," giggled the Ref, "I haven't had so much - ha, ha, ha! - fun in ages!"



RINGSIDE ROUND-UP

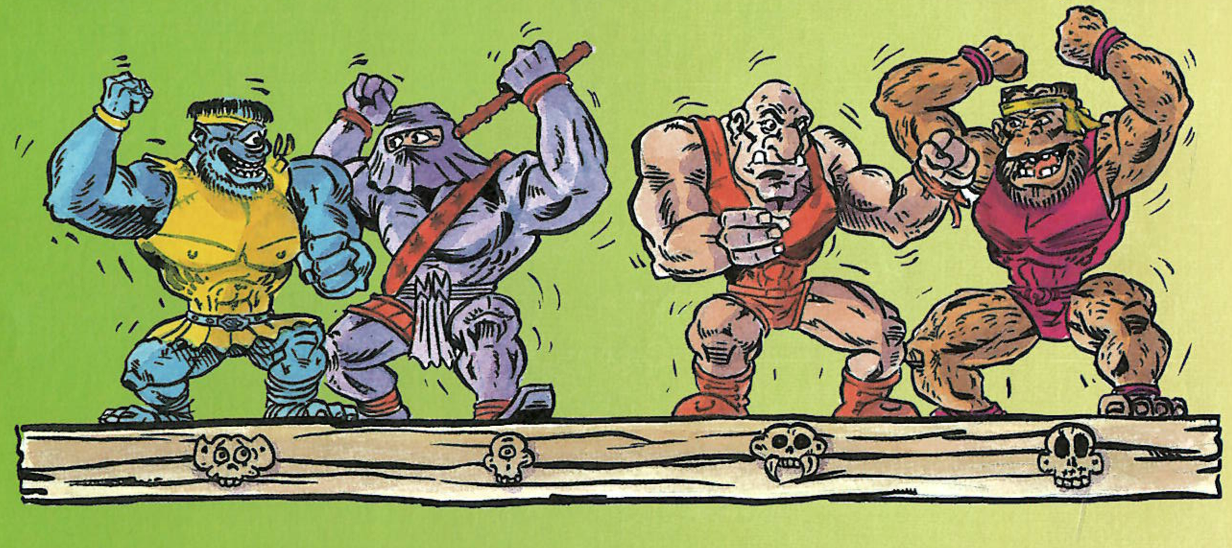


Master of the Bovine Belt, Bully Beef has failed to win a single Championship match. Undaunted, he continues to take on all comers.

Gizzard the Lizard is a slimy customer to be sure. With the aid of his speciality move – the Forked Tongue Lasher – he can lick most opponents.

He hails from the frozen wastes and he'll put the freeze on you with his Siberian Squeeze. He is...Crusher Cossack.

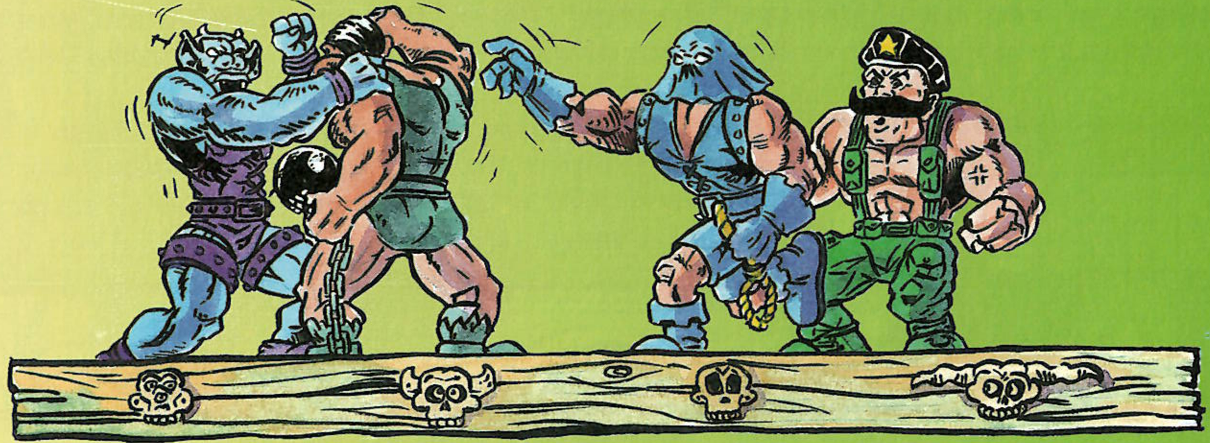
Here's a Wrestler who loves to beat his opponents – Sergeant Strangle. He has an arresting personality and some crazy cop moves to lock you away for good.



Now here's One-Eyed Jack who is – hey, there's some barging going on! Nuclear Ninja is moving in on One-Eyed Jack. There's definitely some bad blood between these two. What will happen is anyone's guess...

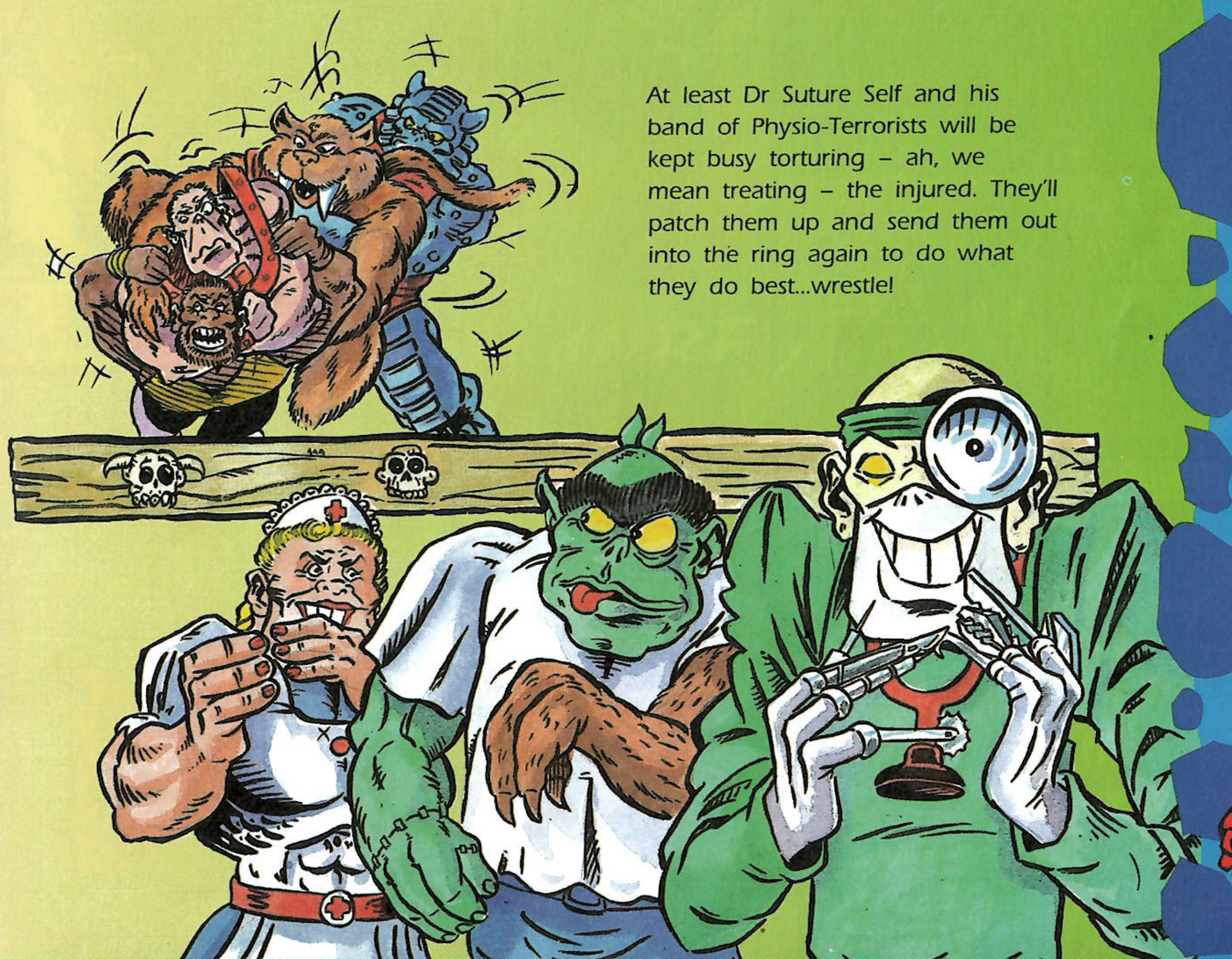
I don't believe it! Goonie and Simian Smasher are starting to jostle each other. Simian reckons he should be in the spotlight ahead of Goonie!

Here's your chance to meet those mountains of pulsating muscle, those hulking brutes that are the superstars of the toughest sport in the known universe – the Monster Wrestlers!



Oh, no! Temperatures are reaching boiling point and all the Monster Wrestlers are battling each other. Gargoyle and Chain Gang Chomper have got to grips with each other and The Executioner and General Mayhem are about to join in!

This is it, folks! A no-holds-barred bout of wrestling has erupted. We might have known – get a group of Monster Wrestlers together in one place and what do they do? Wrestle, of course!

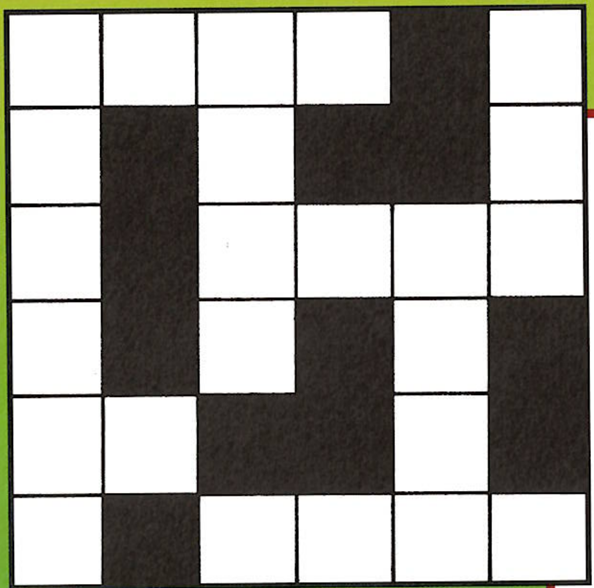


At least Dr Suture Self and his band of Physio-Terrorists will be kept busy torturing – ah, we mean treating – the injured. They'll patch them up and send them out into the ring again to do what they do best...wrestle!

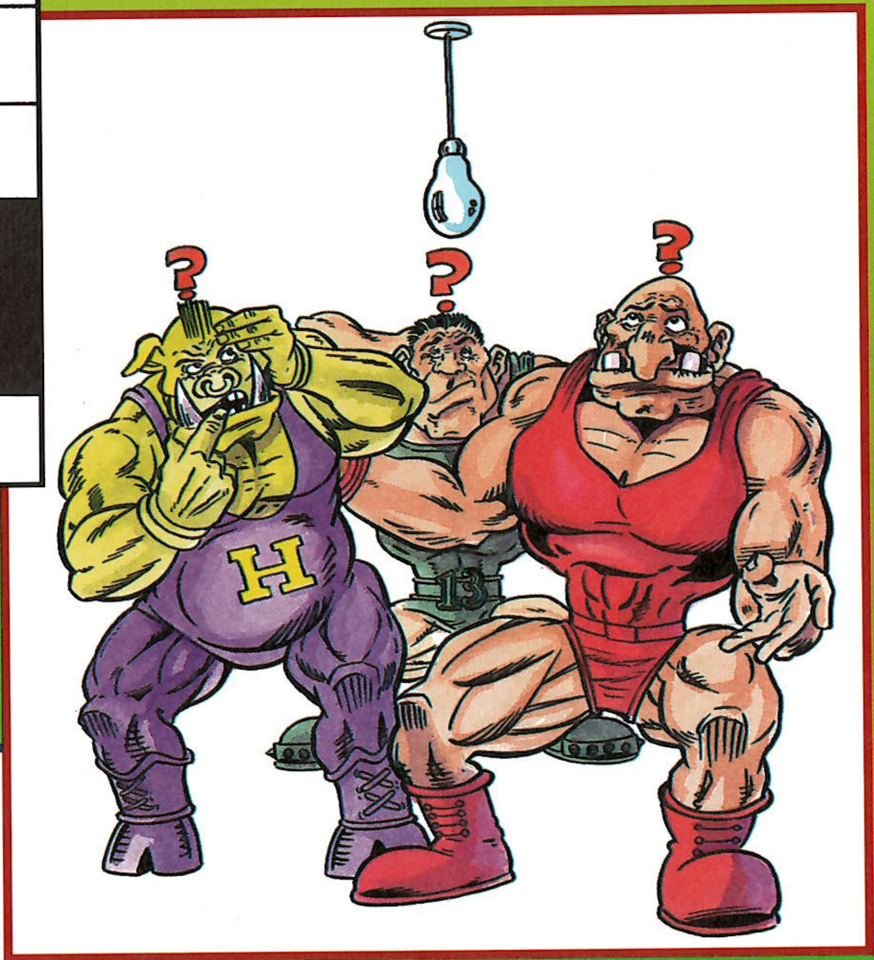
BRAINGRAPPLING!

So you think you can be a Monster Wrestler? Well, let's see how good you are at braingrappling - try wrestling with the puzzles and riddles below:

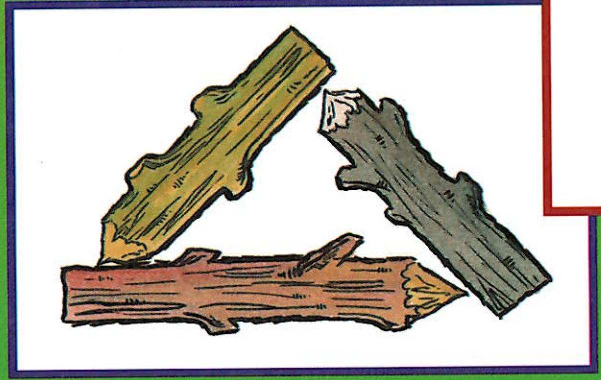
1. Fill in this crossword:



2. If it takes three Monster Wrestlers four hours to change a lightbulb, how long will it take seven Monster Wrestlers to change the same lightbulb?



3. Look at these three tree trunks. Can you remove one of them completely so that they still make exactly one triangle?

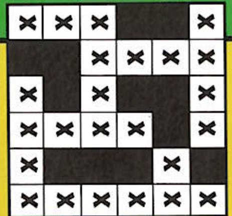


4. Can you match the following Monster Wrestlers' names with the jumbled up letters next to them?

STEELSLAMMER	**DJGSIISLLOIT**
STICKLEBACK	**USDIUODSHQX**
GENERAL MAYHEM	**TGYUIONPOS OKITS**
THE EXECUTIONER	**ADSZCET JSUISL**

ANSWERS:

1\.



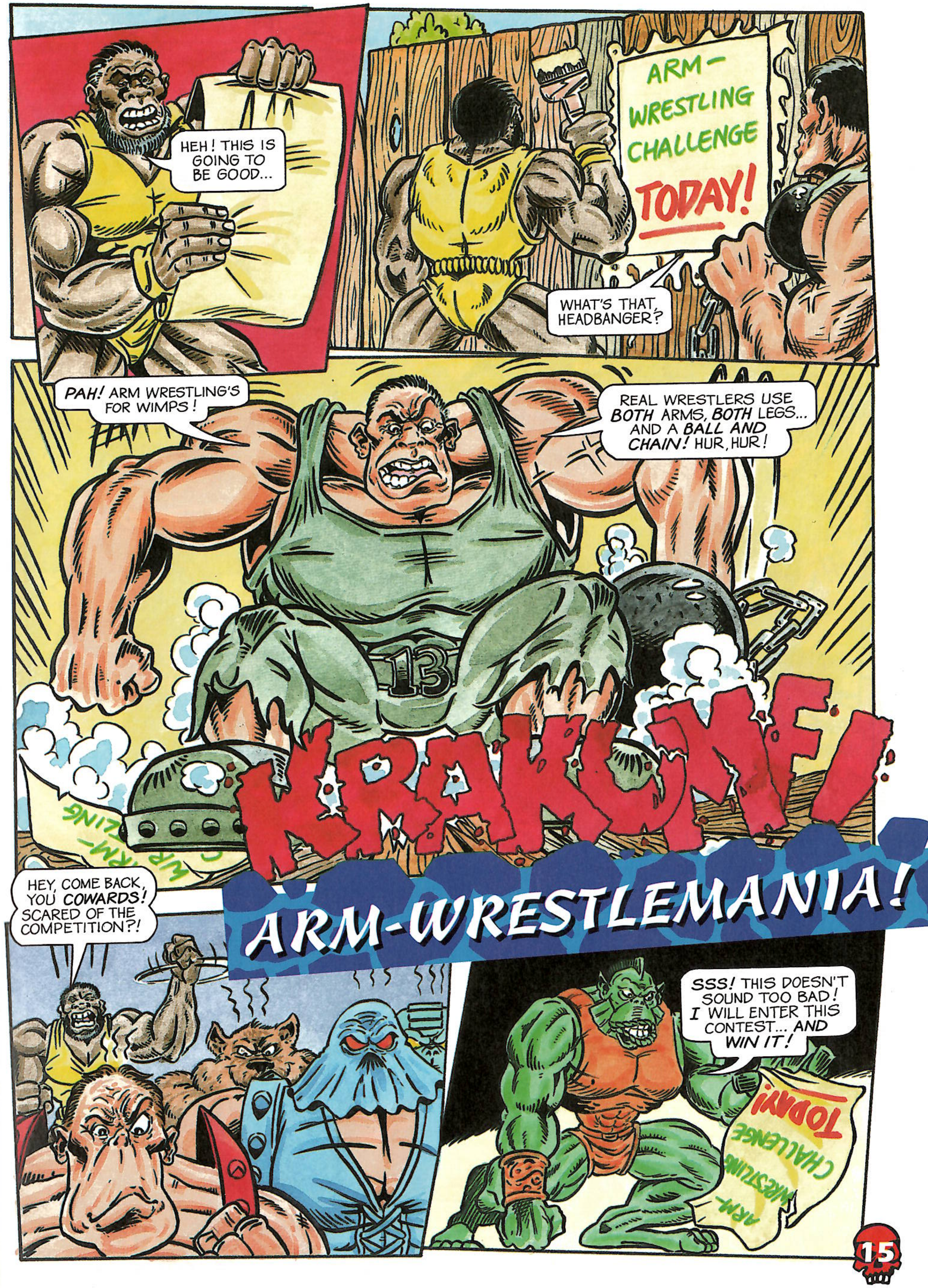
Well, we told you it was a **cross**word, didn't we?

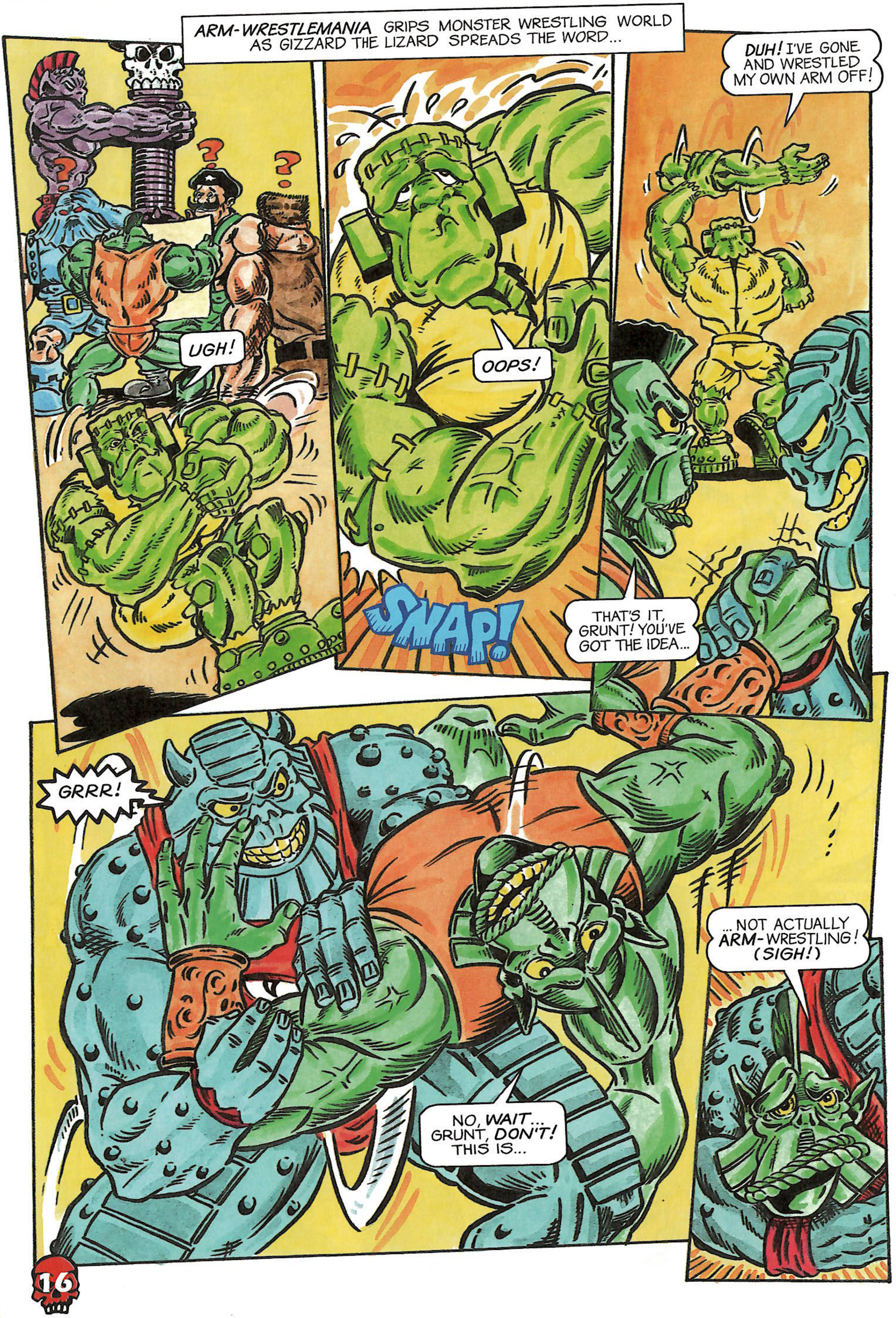
2. They don't need to bother, the first three have already changed it!

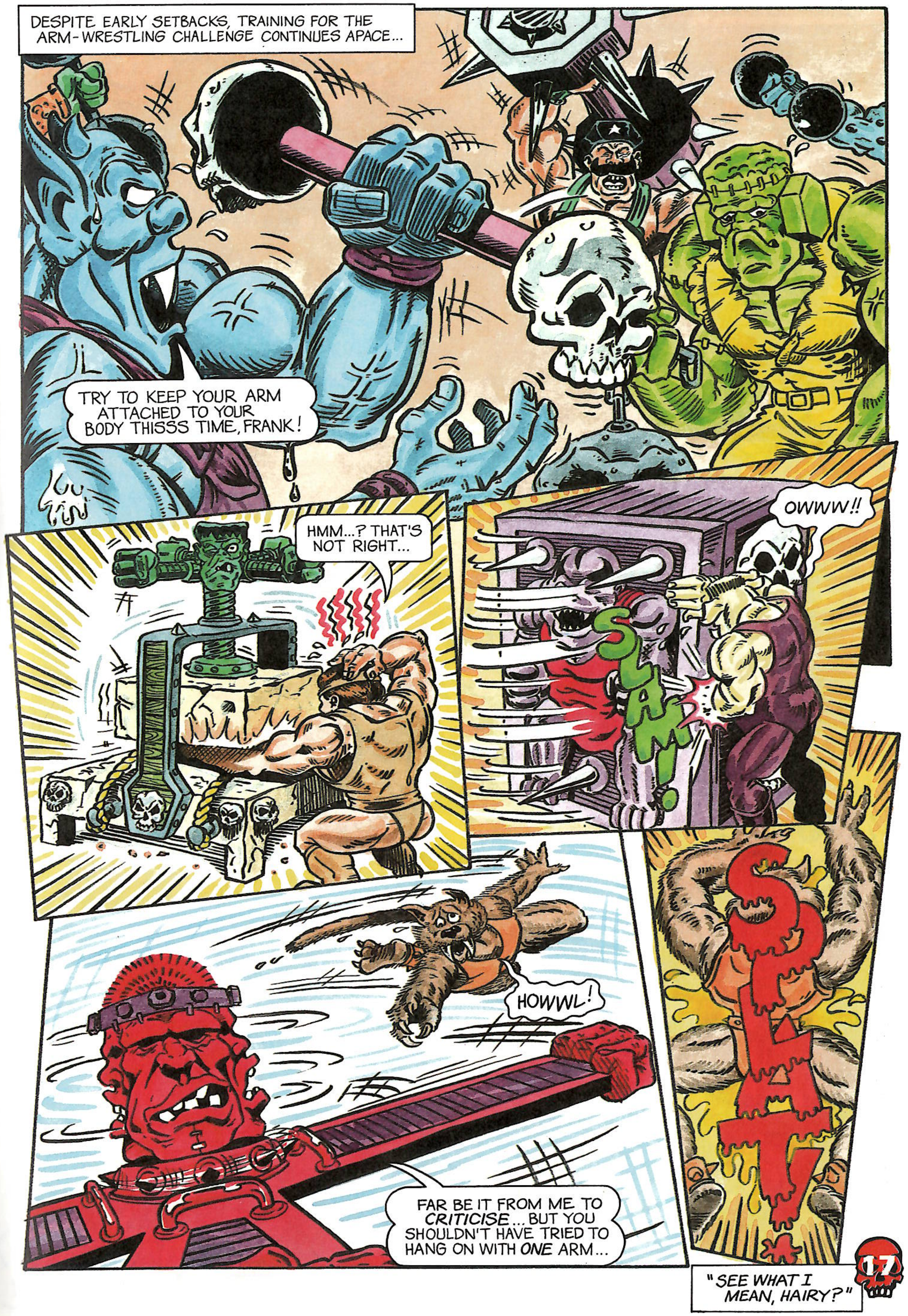
3. Come off it! You'll never pick up one of those great big tree trunks. Just leave them alone and we'll say you solved it - okay?

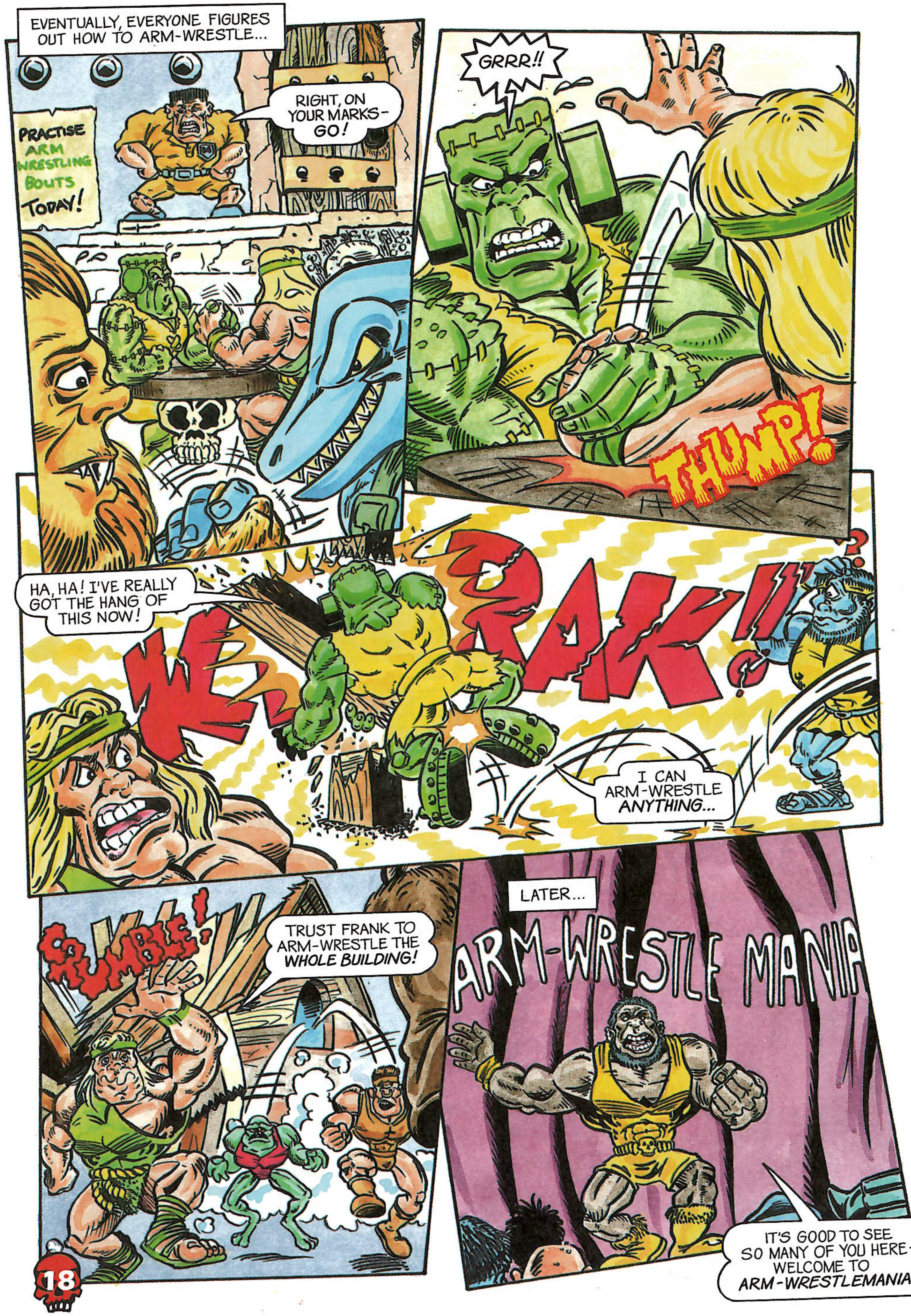
4. Er, the answer is no. We seem to be having a problem with the alphabet hxty, asjdhhyd djdh wiwiej. Hjsuydsuydh?

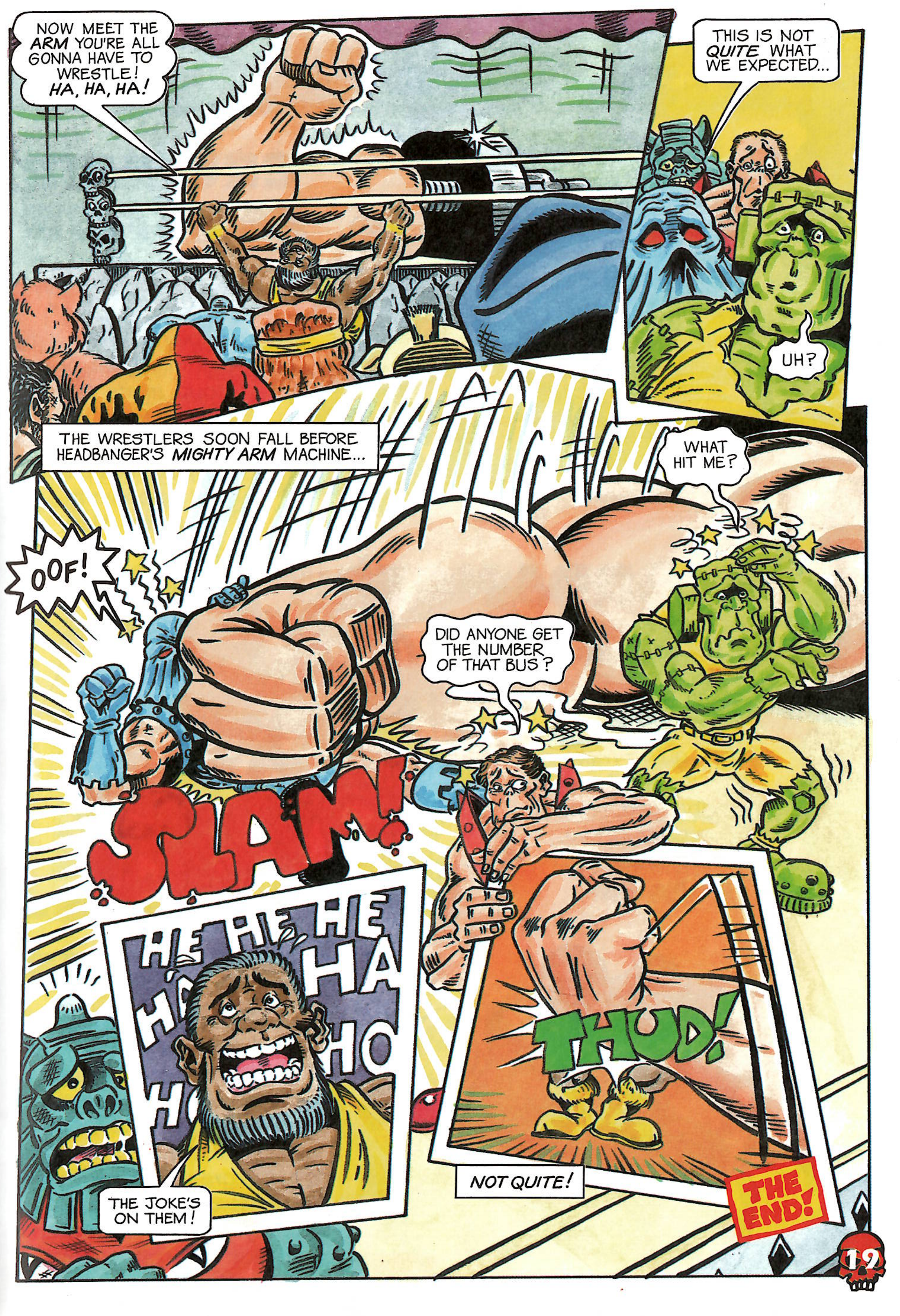
ARM-WRESTLEMANIA!


HEH! THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD...
ARM-WRESTLING CHALLENGE TODAY!
WHAT'S THAT, HEADBANGER?
PAH! ARM WRESTLING'S FOR WIMPS!
REAL WRESTLERS USE BOTH ARMS, BOTH LEGS... AND A BALL AND CHAIN! HUR, HUR!
13
KRAKUMF!
HEY, COME BACK, YOU COWARDS! SCARED OF THE COMPETITION?!
SSS! THIS DOESN'T SOUND TOO BAD! I WILL ENTER THIS CONTEST... AND WIN IT!
ARM-WRESTLING CHALLENGE TODAY!


ARM-WRESTLEMANIA GRIPS MONSTER WRESTLING WORLD AS GIZZARD THE LIZARD SPREADS THE WORD...
?
?
?
UGH!
OOPS!
SNAP!
DUH! I'VE GONE AND WRESTLED MY OWN ARM OFF!
THAT'S IT, GRUNT! YOU'VE GOT THE IDEA...
GRRR!
NO, WAIT... GRUNT, DON'T! THIS IS...
...NOT ACTUALLY ARM-WRESTLING! (SIGH!)


DESPITE EARLY SETBACKS, TRAINING FOR THE ARM-WRESTLING CHALLENGE CONTINUES APACE...
TRY TO KEEP YOUR ARM ATTACHED TO YOUR BODY THISSS TIME, FRANK!
HMM...? THAT'S NOT RIGHT...
OWWW!!
SLAM!
SPLAT
HOWWL!
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO CRITICISE... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO HANG ON WITH ONE ARM...
"SEE WHAT I MEAN, HAIRY?"

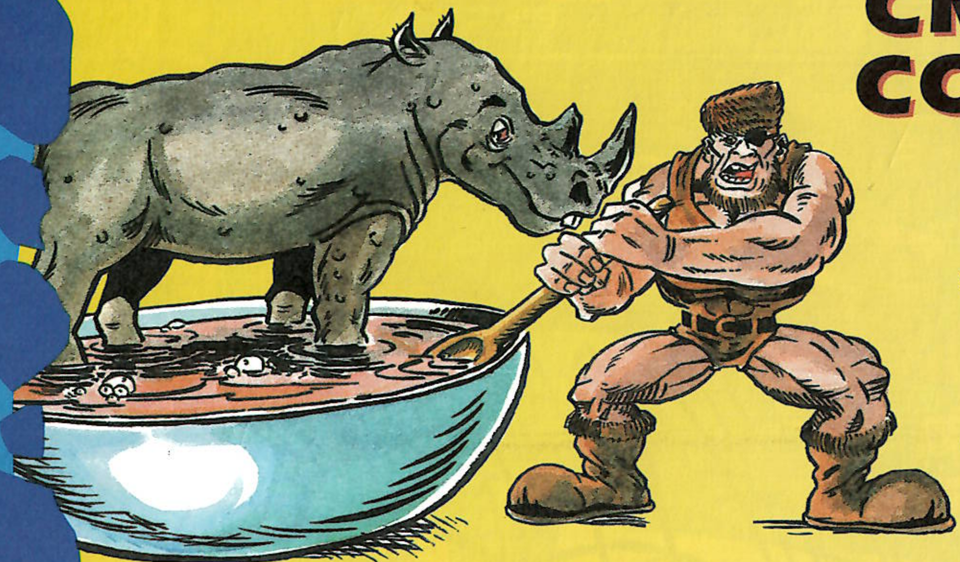

EVENTUALLY, EVERYONE FIGURES OUT HOW TO ARM-WRESTLE...
PRACTISE ARM WRESTLING BOUTS TODAY!
RIGHT, ON YOUR MARKS- GO!
GRRR!!
THUMP!
HA, HA! I'VE REALLY GOT THE HANG OF THIS NOW!
KE-RAK!!
I CAN ARM-WRESTLE ANYTHING...
CRUMBLE!
TRUST FRANK TO ARM-WRESTLE THE WHOLE BUILDING!
LATER...
ARM-WRESTLE MANIA
IT'S GOOD TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU HERE- WELCOME TO ARM-WRESTLEMANIA!


NOW MEET THE ARM YOU'RE ALL GONNA HAVE TO WRESTLE! HA, HA, HA!
THIS IS NOT QUITE WHAT WE EXPECTED...
UH?
THE WRESTLERS SOON FALL BEFORE HEADBANGER'S MIGHTY ARM MACHINE...
WHAT HIT ME?
OOF!
DID ANYONE GET THE NUMBER OF THAT BUS?
SLAM!
HE HE HE HE HA HA HO HO
THE JOKE'S ON THEM!
THUD!
NOT QUITE!
THE END!

MONSTER MUNCHING!

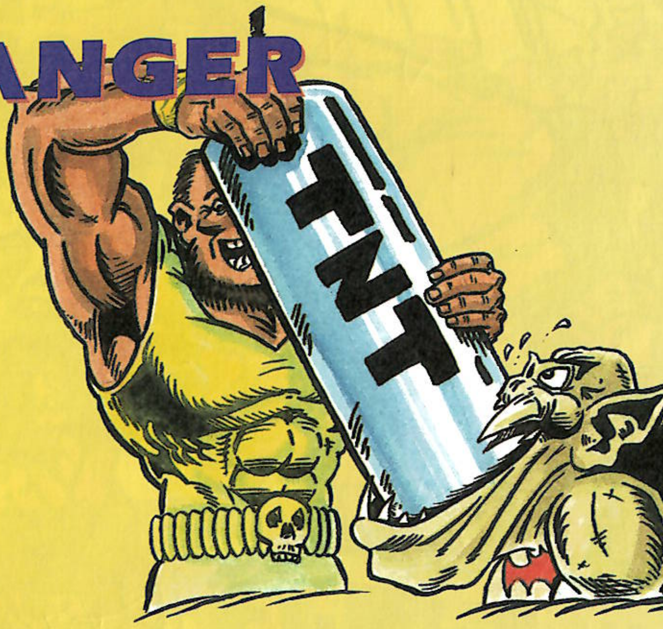
When you're training for a big Championship, it's just as important to eat the right diet as it is to exercise hard. The perfect balance of foods is vital - every wrestler needs the right amount of vitamins, minerals, proteins, saturates, polyunsaturates, polyparrotunsaturates, polyevensillierandlongerwordurates and custard. We asked six of today's top wrestling talents to spill the beans...

CRUSHER COSSACK



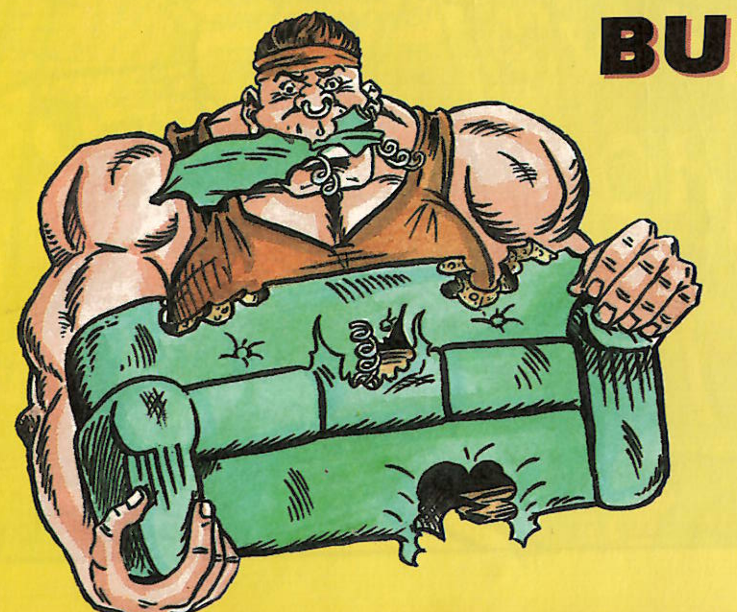
"Beans? What are you taking me for? Some kind of cowboy? When I'm trainink, I eat only soup made from rhino's feet. That way, I am finding it easy to stampede my opponents - Har, Har, Har!"

HEADBANGER



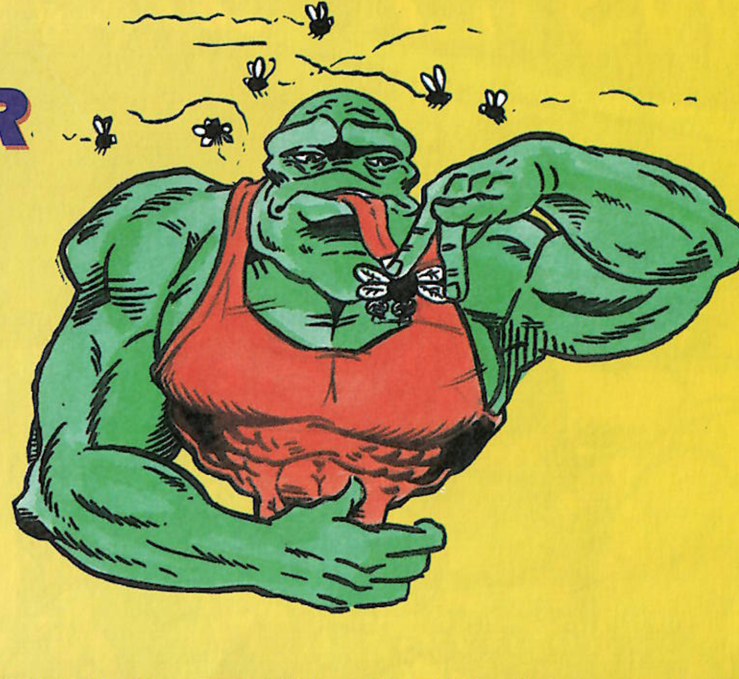
"Sticks of dynamite are my favourites - I don't eat 'em myself, though, I feed 'em to the other guy. That's why they call me Headbanger! Ha, Ha, geddit? Here, suck on this while I light the fuse..."

BULLY BEEF



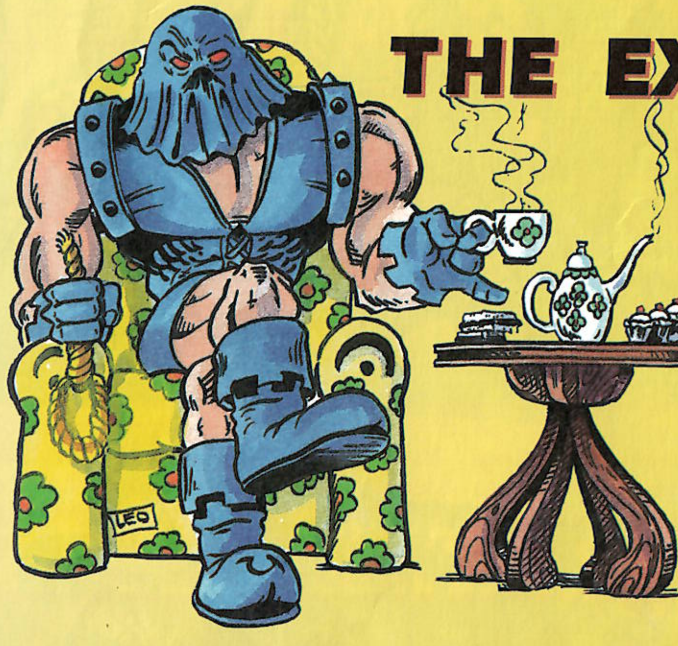
"Settees, armchairs, pouffes... any kind of living room furniture really. Maybe even the odd curtain. They're full of goodness and sure taste great after a hard day's training. And I always like to finish with a nice hot coffee table."

TOAD TRASHER



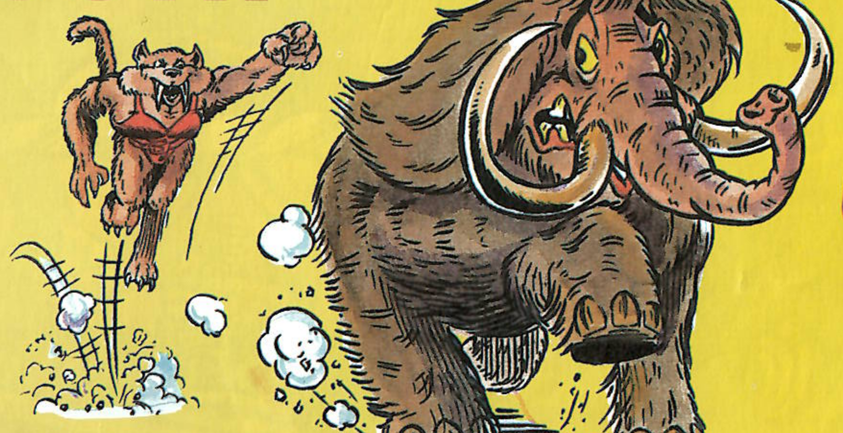
"Huh, I betcha think I'm gonna say flies. I know what they say - he 's a toad, I bet he eats flies. Well, I'll have you know... oh, what's the point? Okay, so I eat flies! So what? I can't help it, I love 'em!"

THE EXECUTIONER



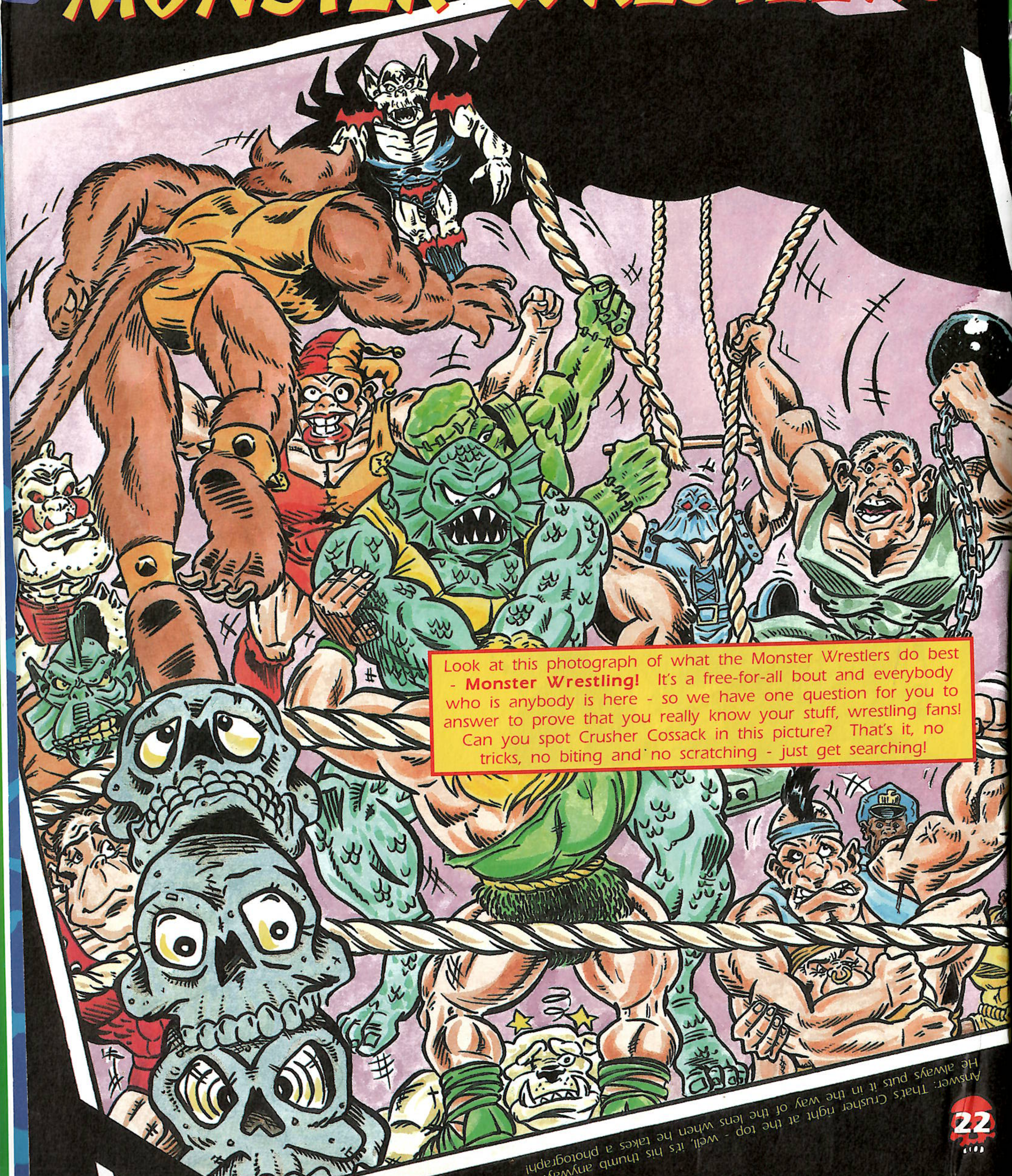
"Heads, of course! I eat heads! Loads of 'em. Baskets of 'em! Well, okay, you can't always get 'em I admit. Sometimes I have to settle for cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off and maybe a fairy cake."

SABRETOOTH



"I used to eat a lot of woolly mammoths, but you don't see many of 'em about these days - 'cos I ate 'em all! Hur, Hur, Hur! Used to be like eating a candy floss with a great big elephant inside."

WHERE'S THE MONSTER WRESTLER?

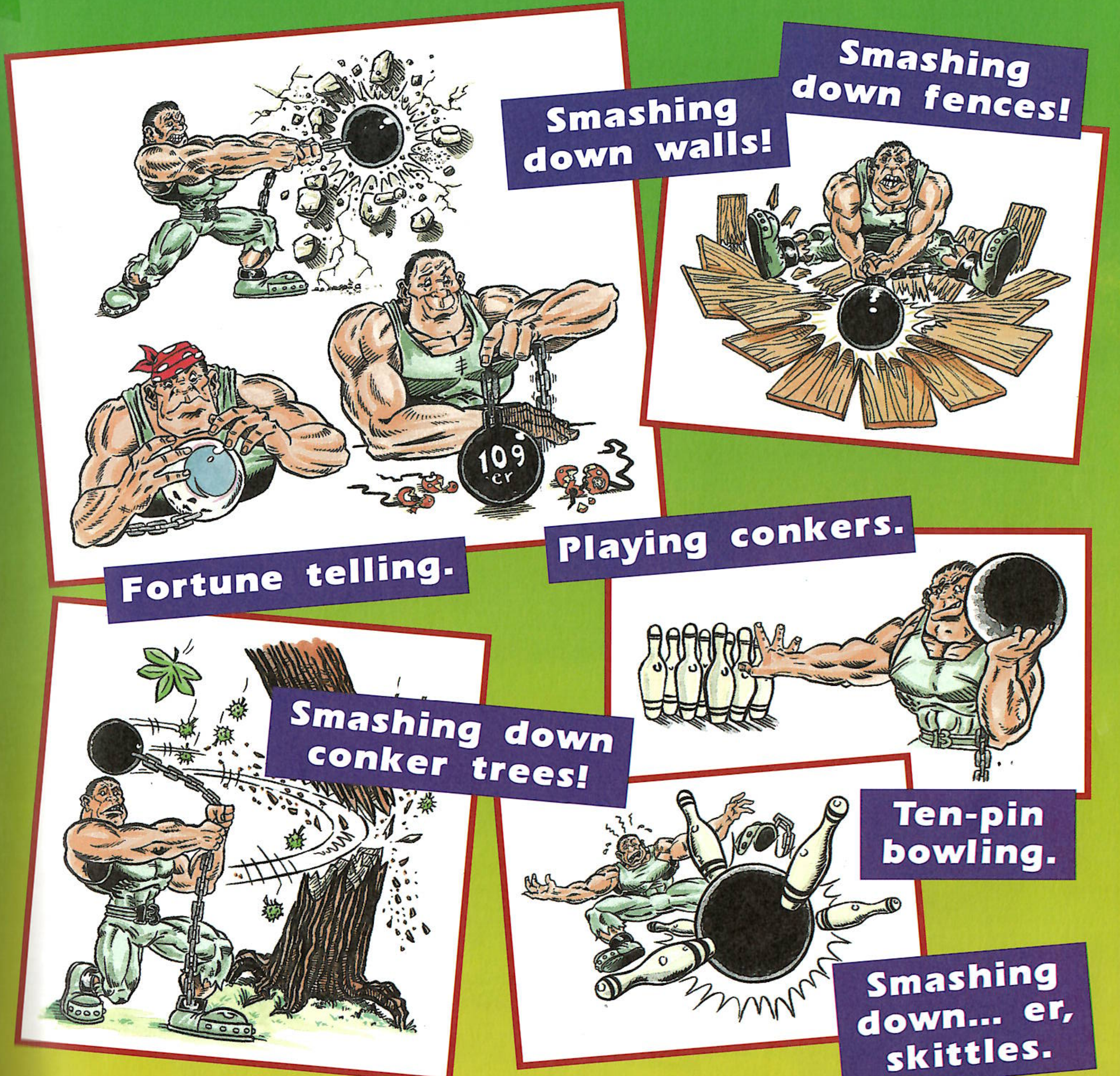


Look at this photograph of what the Monster Wrestlers do best - **Monster Wrestling!** It's a free-for-all bout and everybody who is anybody is here - so we have one question for you to answer to prove that you really know your stuff, wrestling fans! Can you spot Crusher Cossack in this picture? That's it, no tricks, no biting and no scratching - just get searching!

Answer: That's Crusher right at the top - well, it's his thumb anyway. He always puts it in the way of the lens when he takes a photograph!

101 USES FOR A BALL AND CHAIN!

Chain Gang Chomper has come up with an intriguing problem for all you would-be Monster Wrestlers out there. Can you think of 101 uses for his ball and chain outside of the wrestling ring? Here are some examples for you:



Smashing down walls!

Smashing down fences!

Fortune telling.

Playing conkers.

Smashing down conker trees!

Ten-pin bowling.

Smashing down... er, skittles.

See, it's easy to think of them - all you need to do now is come up with 94 more ideas and you'll win Chain Gang Chomper's seal of approval! Just don't mention bowling again or he's likely to devise a Use No.102 by smashing you with his ball and chain!

EMERGENCY WARD NINE

Dr Suture Self was not in a very good mood at all. Patient numbers were down in his hospital and he had some bad news to tell his fellow Physio-Terrorists.

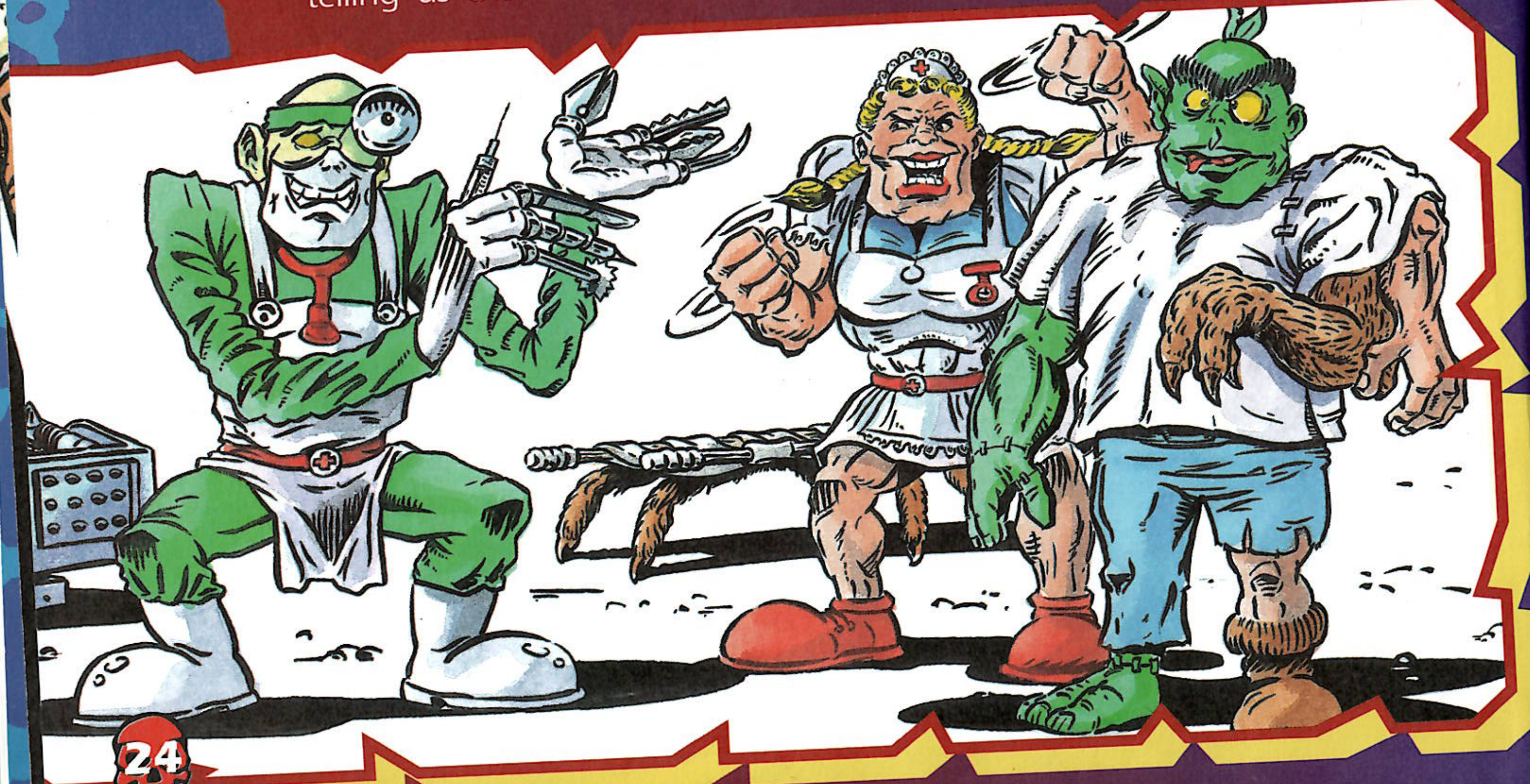
"I'm afraid one of you will have to go," he told Ortho the Ogre and Deadly Night Nurse. "We have two days to reach our treatment targets for this year and we're nowhere near them."

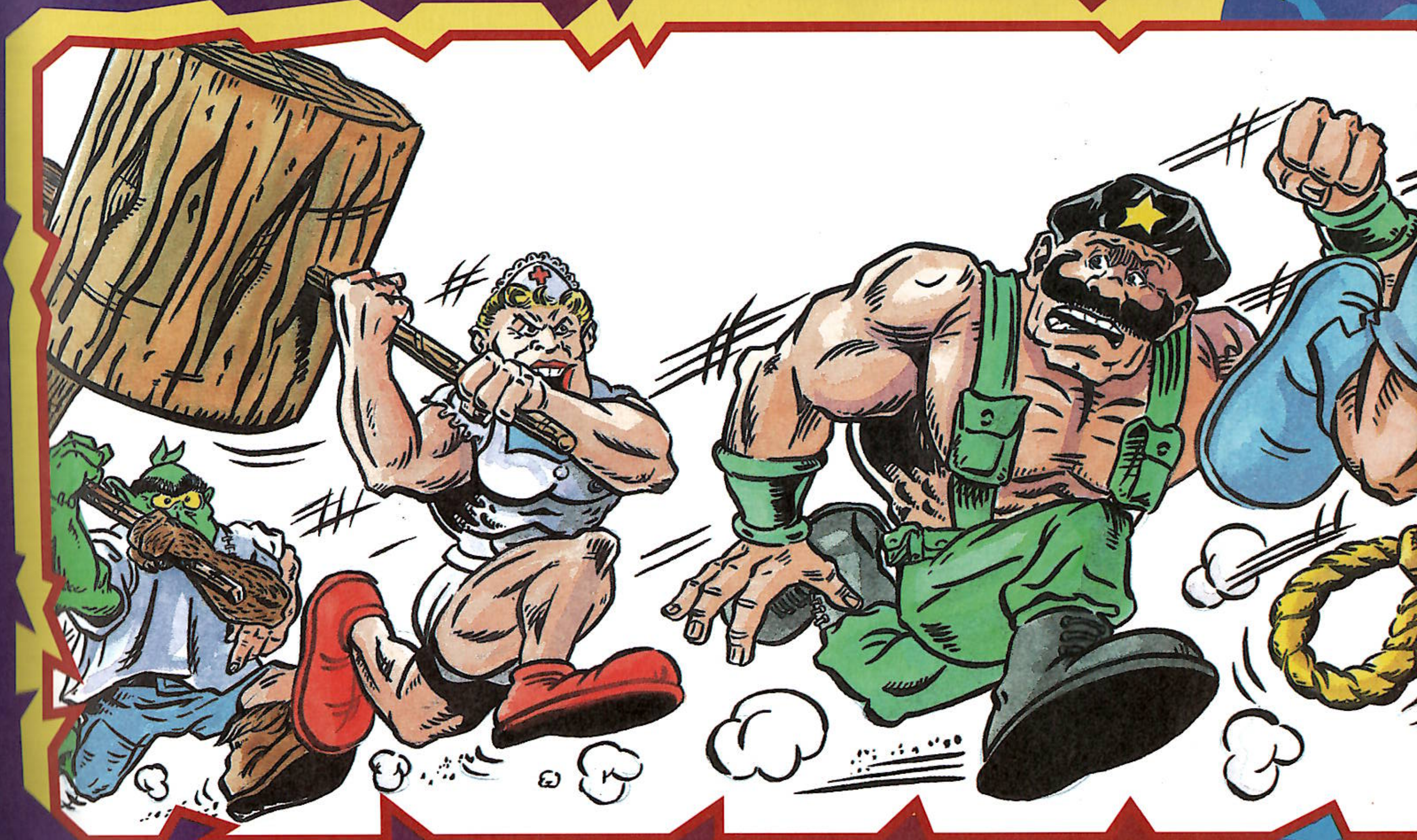
"B-b-but you can't get rid of **me**," protested Ortho. "I'm an **ogre** when I get upset..."

"Face it, Ortho," said the Nurse, "you're an ogre all the time. That's why they call you Ortho the **Ogre**." She looked thoughtful and turned to speak to Dr Suture Self. "So are you telling us that if we **do** meet our treatment targets, no-one needs to get the sack?"

"Well, yes," said the Doctor, "but it's **impossible**! There are no official wrestling championships for three days and you know that's the only time we get a decent amount of torturing... I mean, **doctoring** to do."

"That needn't be a problem, Doc," smiled Deadly Night Nurse. "I's an idea. Come with me, Ortho, there's work to be doin'!" With the puzzled ogre at her side, she hurried off to her private workshed. "This is where I keeps my collection of **antique giant mallets**," she explained. "The way I look at it is this - if the wrestlers aren't getting enough injuries by themselves, then we'd start helping them!"





"You mean we're gonna bash 'em with these?" asked Ortho. Deadly Night Nurse smiled and nodded her head. "**Cool!**" grinned the Ogre.

"What are they up to?" The Executioner asked General Mayhem, as the Physio Terrorists emerged from the shed. "They seem to be carrying something. Something really big..."

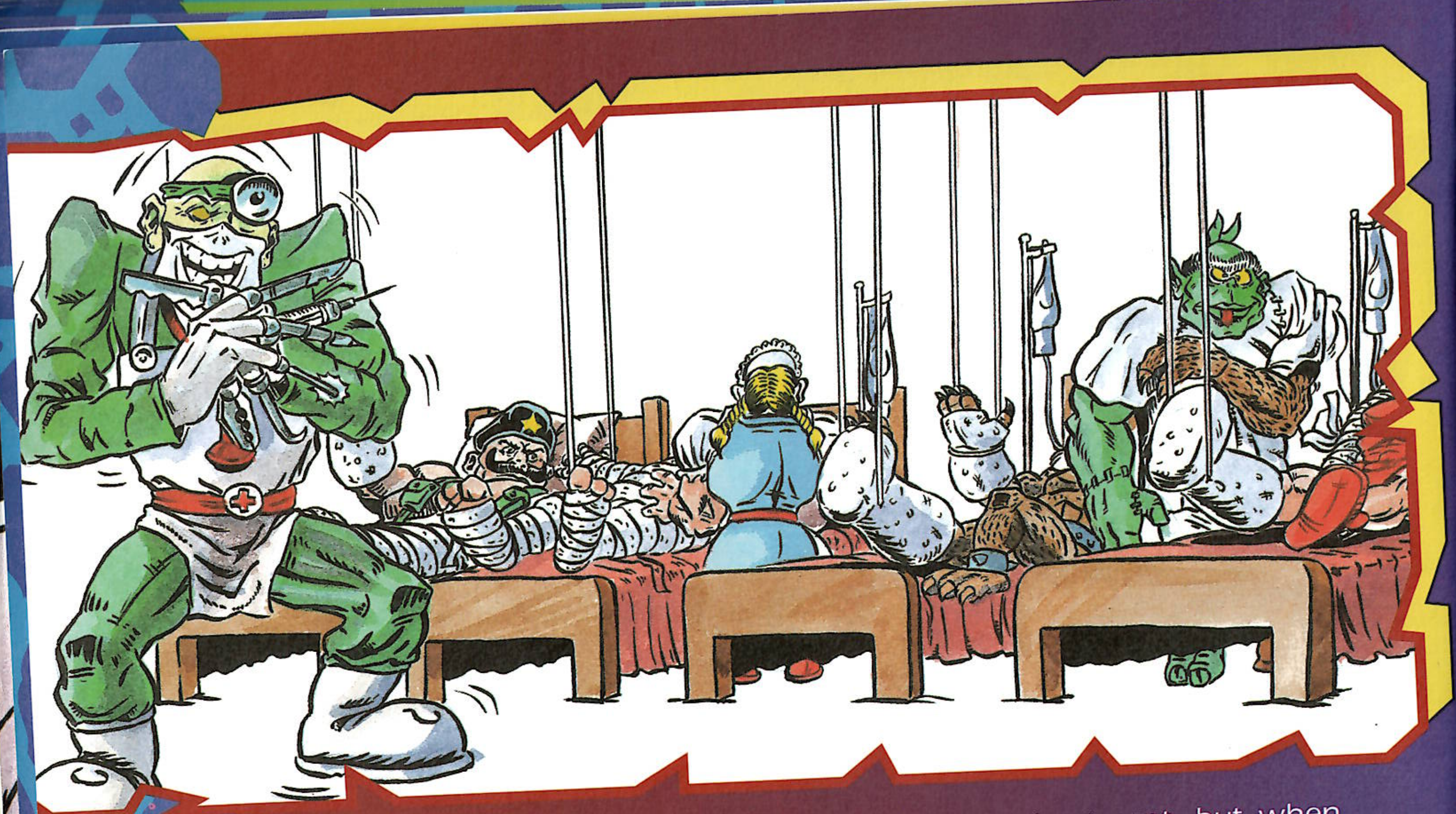
"They're coming this way!" cried General Mayhem. "And I don't like the look in their eyes. Let's get out of here - gangway! Help!" As the two rather surprised Monster Wrestlers started to run, Ortho and the Nurse scampered after them.

"Come to Nursie, boys!" called Deadly Night Nurse. "It's for your own good, you know. You're looking rather peeky and the only cure is a bash on the 'ead with a giant mallet!"

"Yeah, but it'll hurt you more than it does us! **Hur, hur!**" laughed Ortho, bashing the unfortunate General. Seconds later, The Executioner was also floored and the Physio-Terrorists stopped for a moment to examine the results of their efforts.

"Fetch the Spider Stretcher, Ortho!" instructed the Nurse. "These wrestlers need treatment." Dr Suture Self was delighted when the first two patients of the day were carted into the hospital.

"That's the spirit," he cackled. "As Physio-Terrorists, we must stop thinking of these men as **wrestlers** - they are in fact **patients-to-be**! Keep up the good work, you two, and you may yet fill all nine of our emergency wards and save



"your jobs." Having attended to The Executioner and General Mayhem's injuries, Deadly Night Nurse and Ortho the Ogre headed out again, waving their mallets around as they went. Slowly but surely, the hospital wards began filling up, but it was all a bit too slow for Ortho and his arms were getting tired.

"I think we should drop a huge rock on a whole group of wrestlers," he suggested. "That would save a lot of hammering and give my poor arms a rest." The Nurse was rather enjoying bashing everything in sight, but she had to agree that Ortho had a point.

"It just so 'appens, I do have a **giant antique catapult** in my work shed," she told him. "I always thought it would come in useful one of these days. Let's go and get it!" Before long, they had set up the catapult and were firing giant rocks all over the place. Not many of them hit the target, but when they did the casualty count was high.

"Excellent!" said Dr Suture Self, as Deadly Night Nurse checked in her two hundredth patient of the day. "I really think we're going to make our target after all." Feeling very pleased with herself, the Nurse raced back to meet Ortho back at the catapult, only to find that a crowd of angry Monster Wrestlers were standing around him.

"So zis is vat's firing rocks at everyone, is it?" asked Bloodsucker the Vampire. Ortho the Ogre looked rather uncomfortable.

"Yes, it is!" shouted the Nurse. "Now leave it alone - it's **private property**, you know!"

"Vell, I think it is time **someone else** had a go vith it," snarled Bloodsucker. "Come on, guys, let's show them vat ze Monster Wrestlers are made of..."

Before the Physio-Terrorists knew what was happening, the wrestlers had mobbed them both and were tying them to the catapult.

"Hey, what are you doing?" gasped Ortho. "You can't put me on here - I've got a bad back!" Despite the Ogre's protests, the pair of them were soon ready to be fired from the catapult and Bloodsucker the Vampire cheerfully did the honours. "**Help!!!!!**" cried Ortho, as he and Deadly Night Nurse flew through the air.

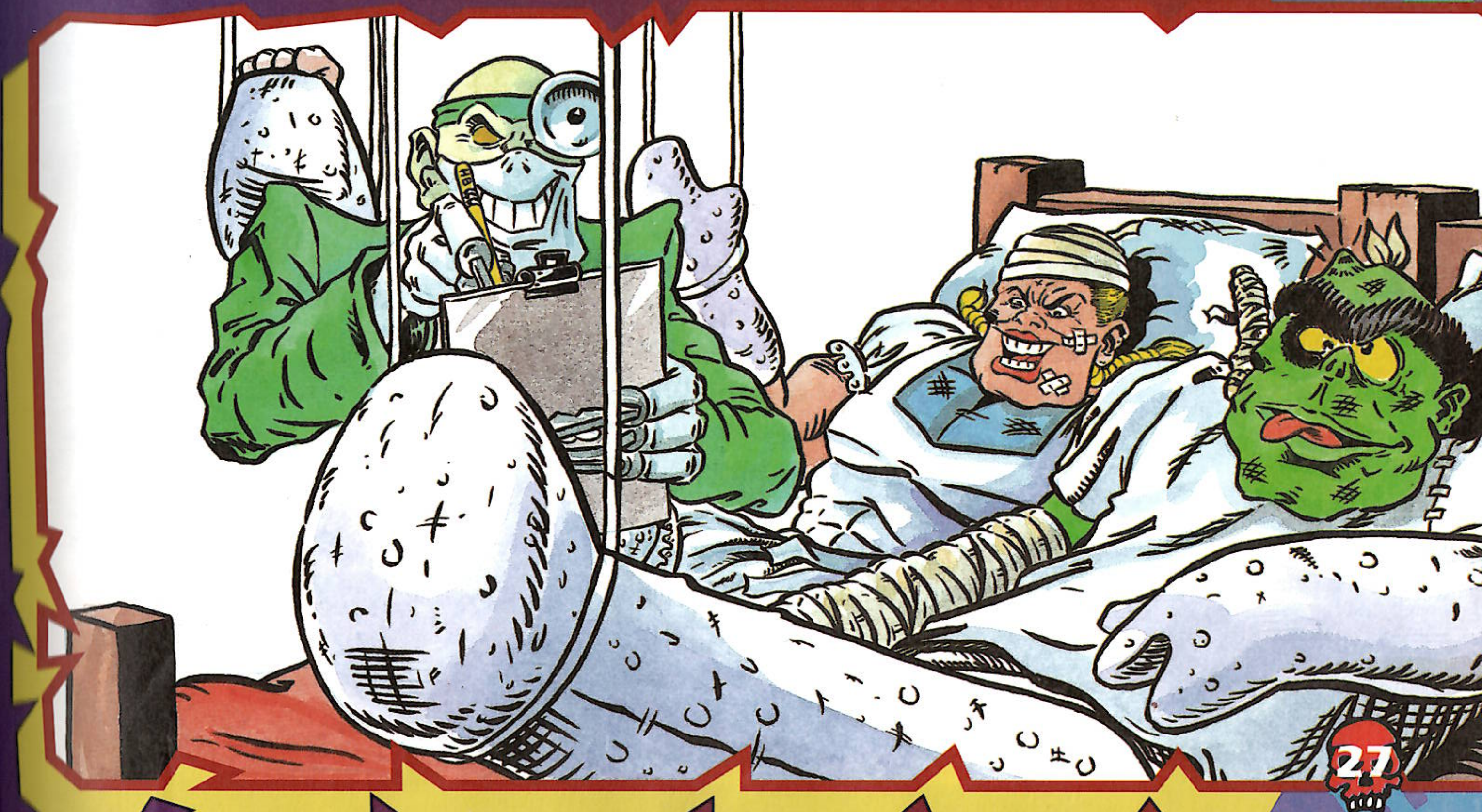
"**Oof!**" groaned the Nurse as they landed about half a mile away. "I think I's broken every bone in me body. Call for Spider Stretcher, Ortho - I'm going need some treatment myself."

"What about **me**?" moaned the Ogre, as he helped drag her to the hospital. "I've broken all **my** bones, too..." They both looked very unhappy as Dr Suture Self put them both in plaster and tucked them up in their very own hospital beds.

"Now we'll never reach our patient target," sighed Deadly Night Nurse. "We won't recover in time to round up any more **victims**... I mean, people who need our **special care**."

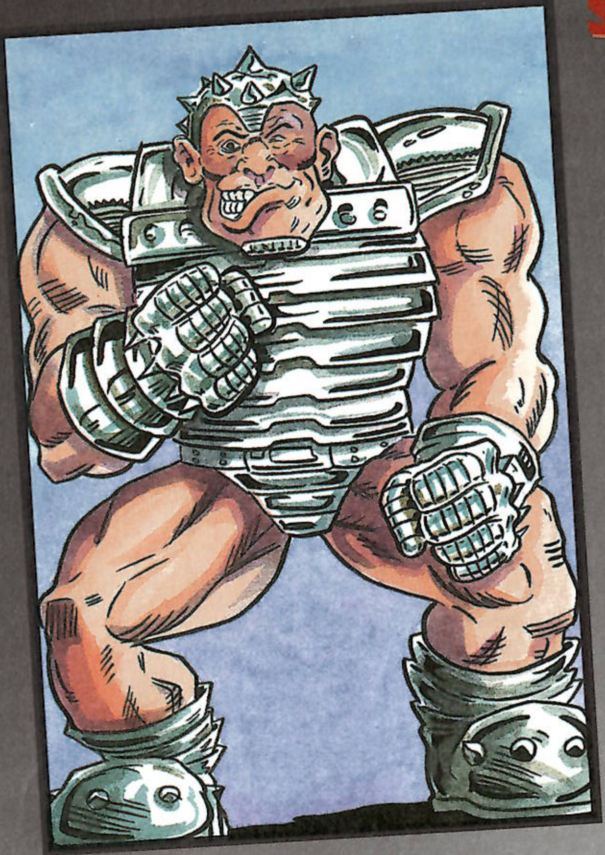
"Well, I think you should keep me on and sack her," Ortho told the Doctor. "This place would fall apart without my brains to help you run it."

"Don't worry, Ortho," smiled Dr Suture Self, "I won't need to sack **either of you** now." Both the injured Physio-Terrorists were puzzled by this news. "You were the last two patients we needed to fill **Emergency Ward Nine** and so reach our target!" explained the Doctor, with an evil grin. "Well done, you may have **broken** your bodies, but you've managed to **mend** your careers!"



WRESTLING SUPERSTARS

STEEL SLAMMER

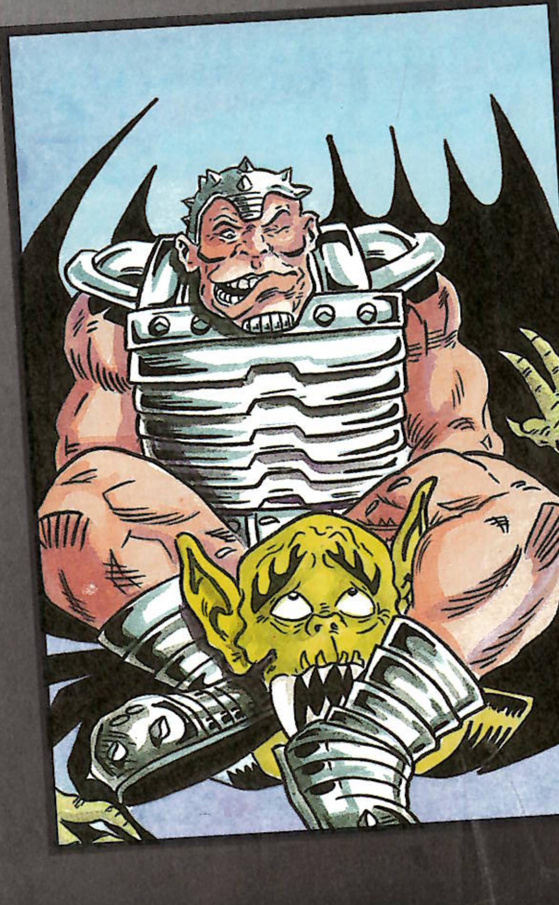


STEEL SLAMMER

Career Victories:
ninety seven and a half
Championship Belts:
thirty three and a third
Hobbies:
metalwork and knitting
Favourite Food:
iron bars
Likes:
dressing up in tight fitting metal costumes and hobnail boots
Dislikes:
tin openers!
Most Feared Opponent:
Howlin' Prowlin' Werewolf - those claws can slice through anything
Future Ambitions:
to rid the world of rust

Favourite Hold:
THE SCISSOR GRIP

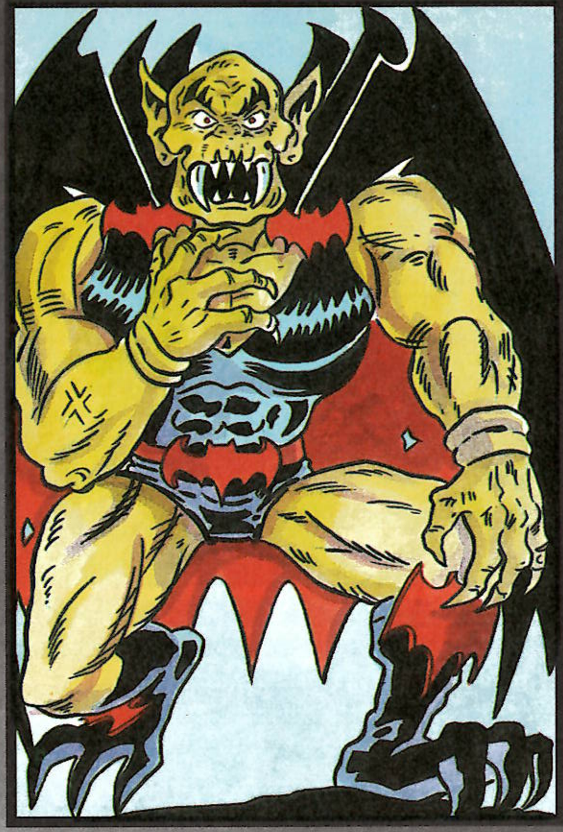
When Steel Slammer wants to finish off his opponents, he puts them in his infamous Scissor Grip. This involves him gripping his victims around their necks with his ankles. This can be extremely effective and many a wrestler's head has actually come off as a result of Steel's efforts, however the hold has a few drawbacks. When trying to pull off the move, Steel Slammer has to stand on his hands while he attacks with his ankles. This moment of weakness almost invariably sees him flipped out of the ring and defeated!



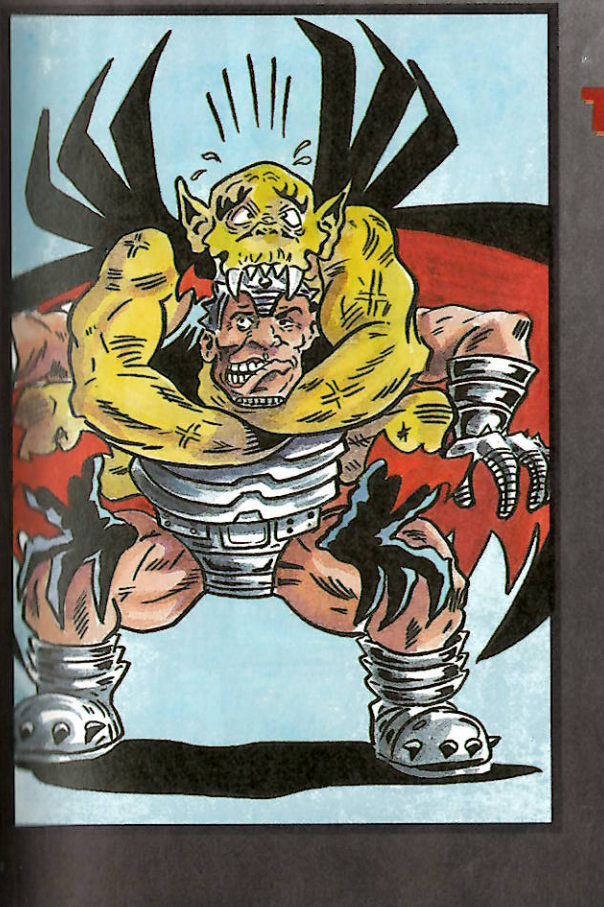
WARNING - These holds are performed by Monster Wrestlers who have trained all their lives to fight in the ring and, in many cases, are far too stupid to feel any pain. Don't try them at home!

BLOODSUCKER THE VAMPIRE

Career Victories:
thousands - I haf been alive for countless centuries, you know
Championship Belts:
see above
Hobbies:
turning into a bat and flying
Favourite Food:
anything without garlic
Likes:
full-blooded wrestling bouts
Dislikes:
daylight, holy water and wooden stakes - vampiring iz not all fun!
Most Feared Opponent:
my opponents fear me
Future Ambitions:
to open my own blood bank



BLOODSUCKER THE VAMPIRE



Favourite Hold:
THE BRAIN DRAIN

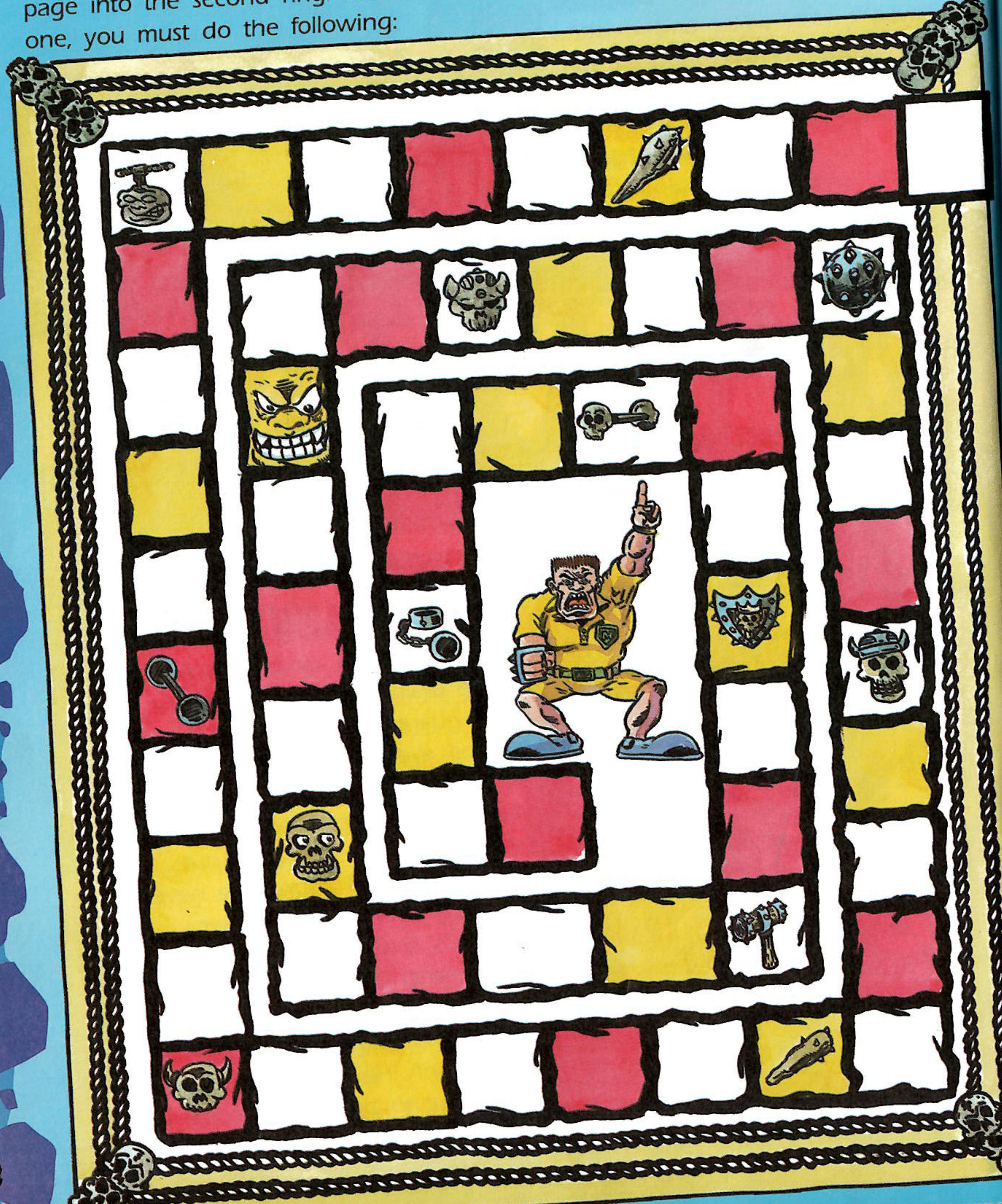
Bloodsucker the Vampire's speciality is the Brain Drain - a gruesome hold guaranteed to make his victims' eyes water! Jumping on their back, Bloodsucker sinks his teeth into his opponents' heads and does his best to suck out their brains. Of course, he never succeeds - finding a Monster Wrestler's brain is no easy task! The experience usually leaves his victim with a nasty headache and Bloodsucker with a severe case of indigestion! He then has no choice but to burp his opponent into submission!

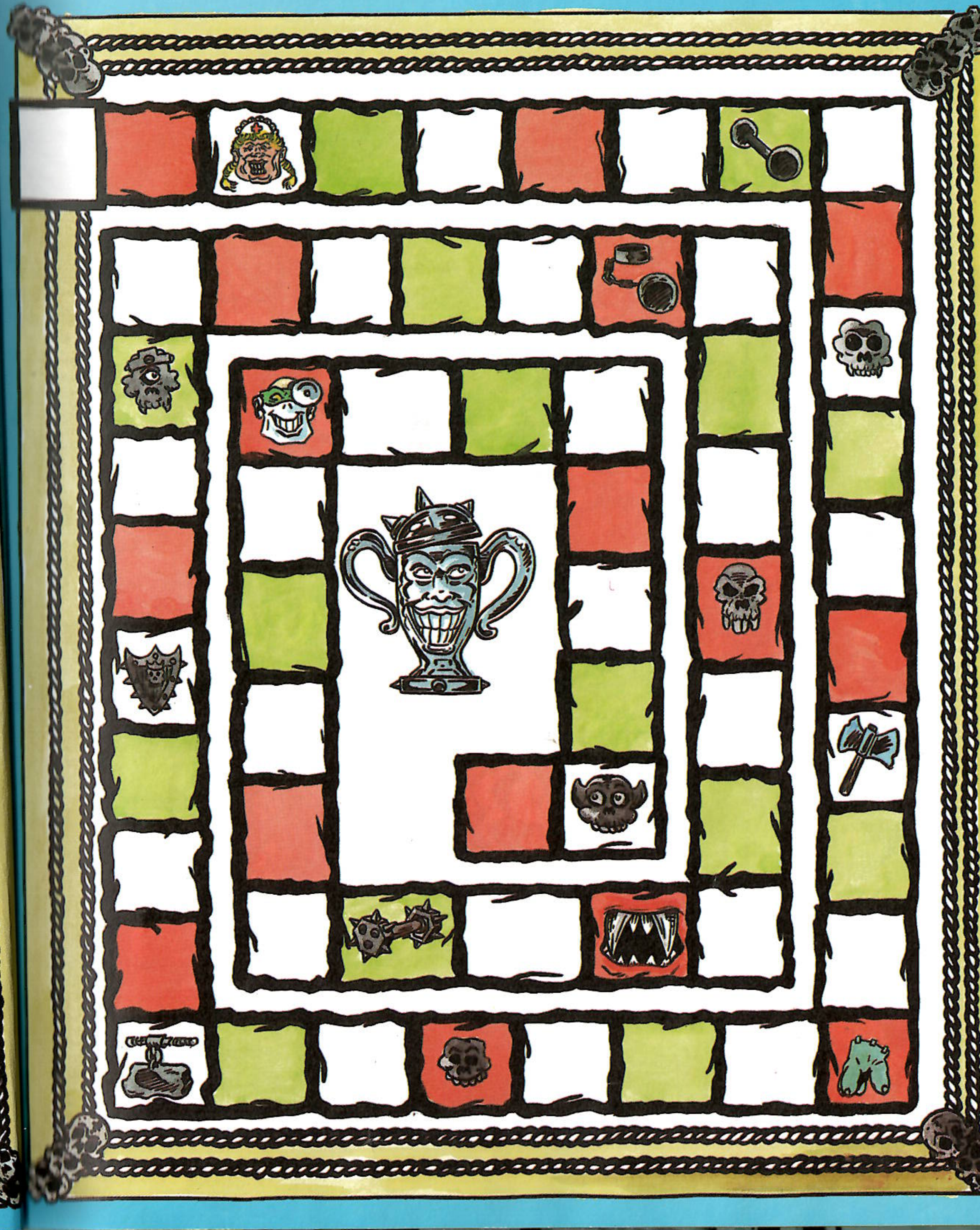
Twin Ring Tag Trail

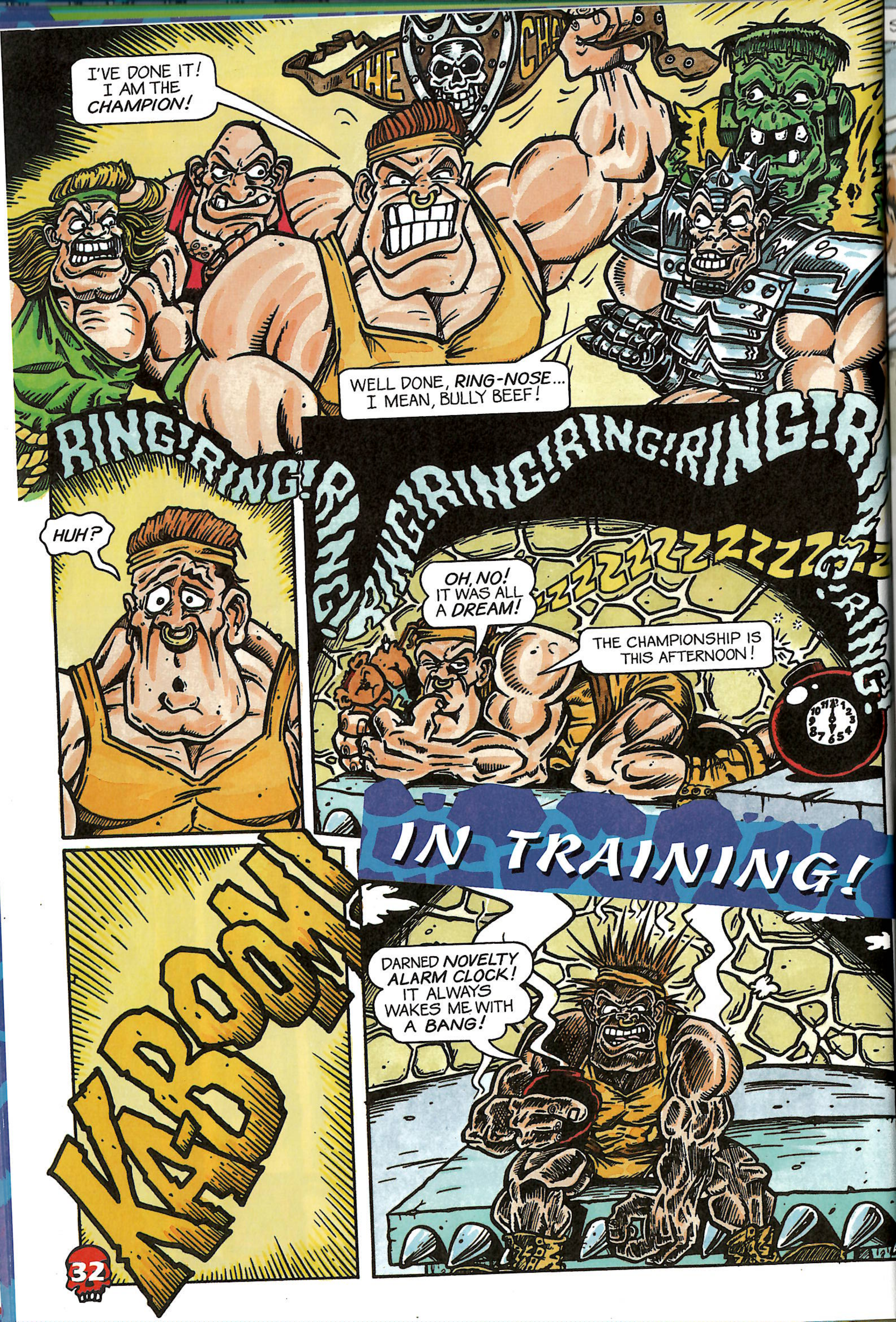
Ding-ding! Seconds out! Ref 'Double' Nelson is calling you to join in the Twin Ring Tag Trail Game! To play all you have to do is barge and slam your way from the Ref all the way to the Twin Ring Tag Trophy. Once you reach it, raise it high to show 'em just who's boss!

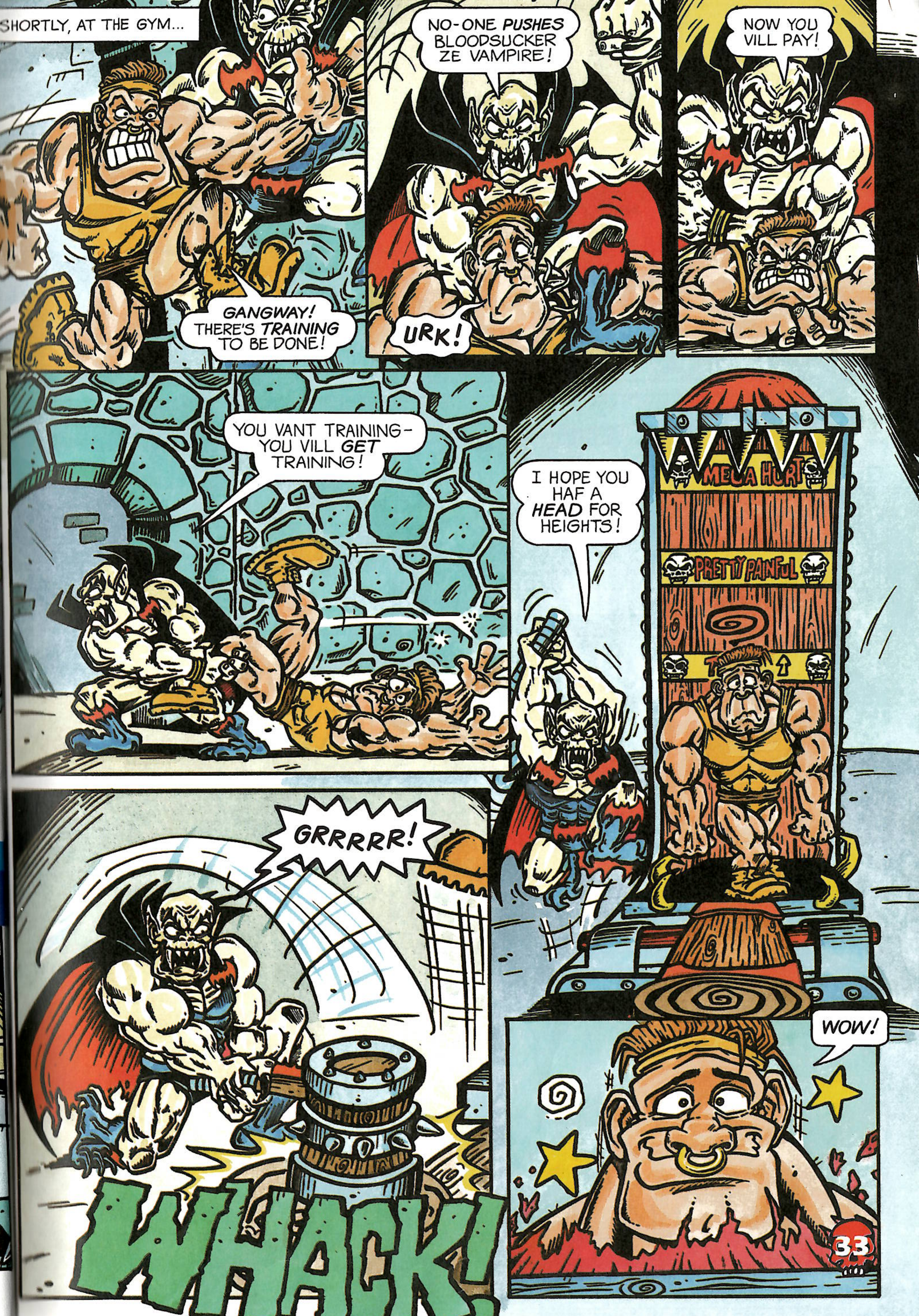
Use a dice and counter for each player to move along the trail. Remember when you reach the end of the trail in the first ring you must leap over the page into the second ring. Watch out for the special symbols! If you land on one, you must do the following:

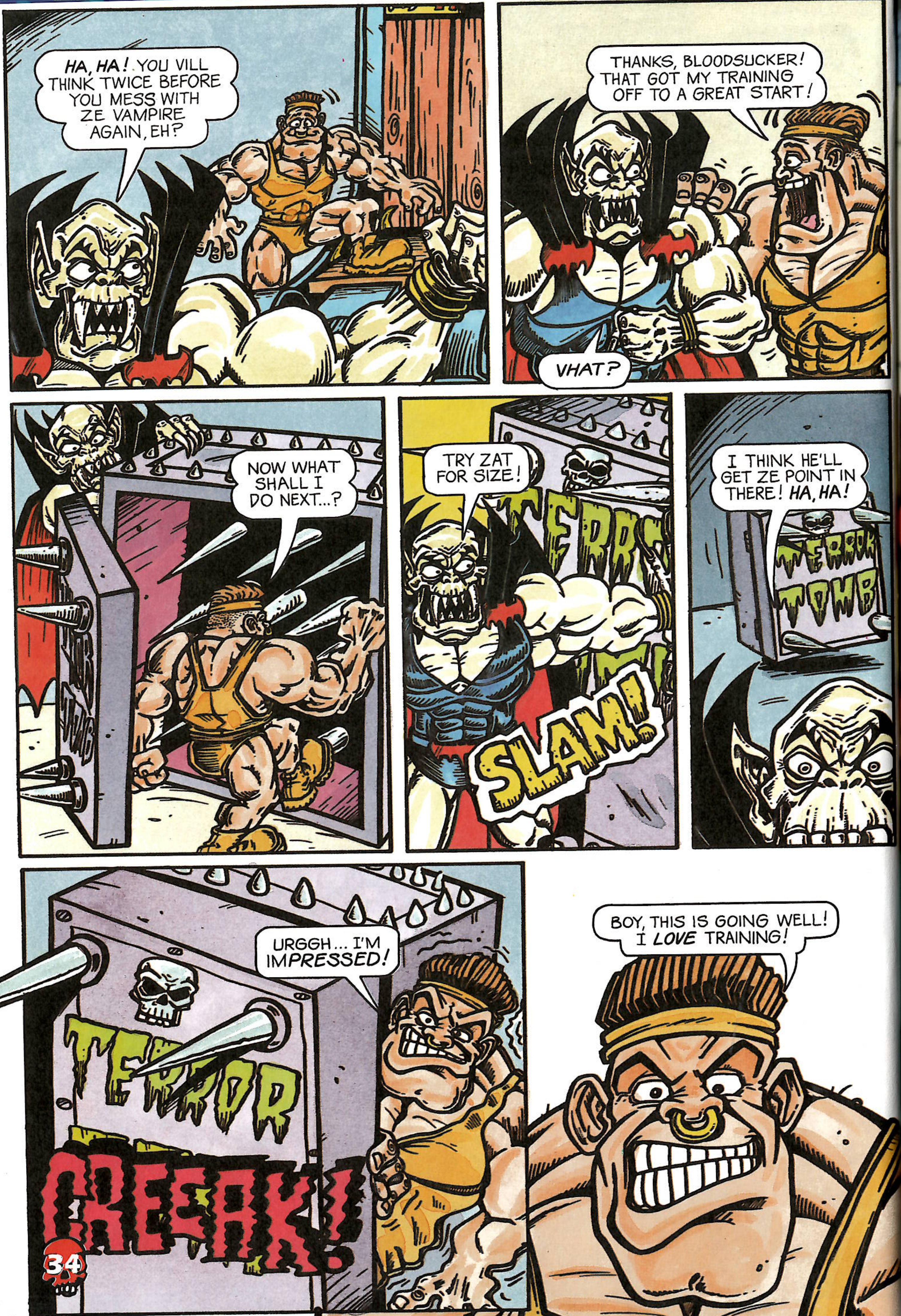
Training equipment – you get fit fast and move on three spaces
Skull – miss a turn while you stop to eyeball the bonehead
Grimacing Opponent – you start wrestling and need to throw an even number to continue along the trail
Deadly Night Nurse or **Dr Suture Self** – they'll put you under, patch you up and move you on four spaces
Got that? Well, get a dice and get cracking!

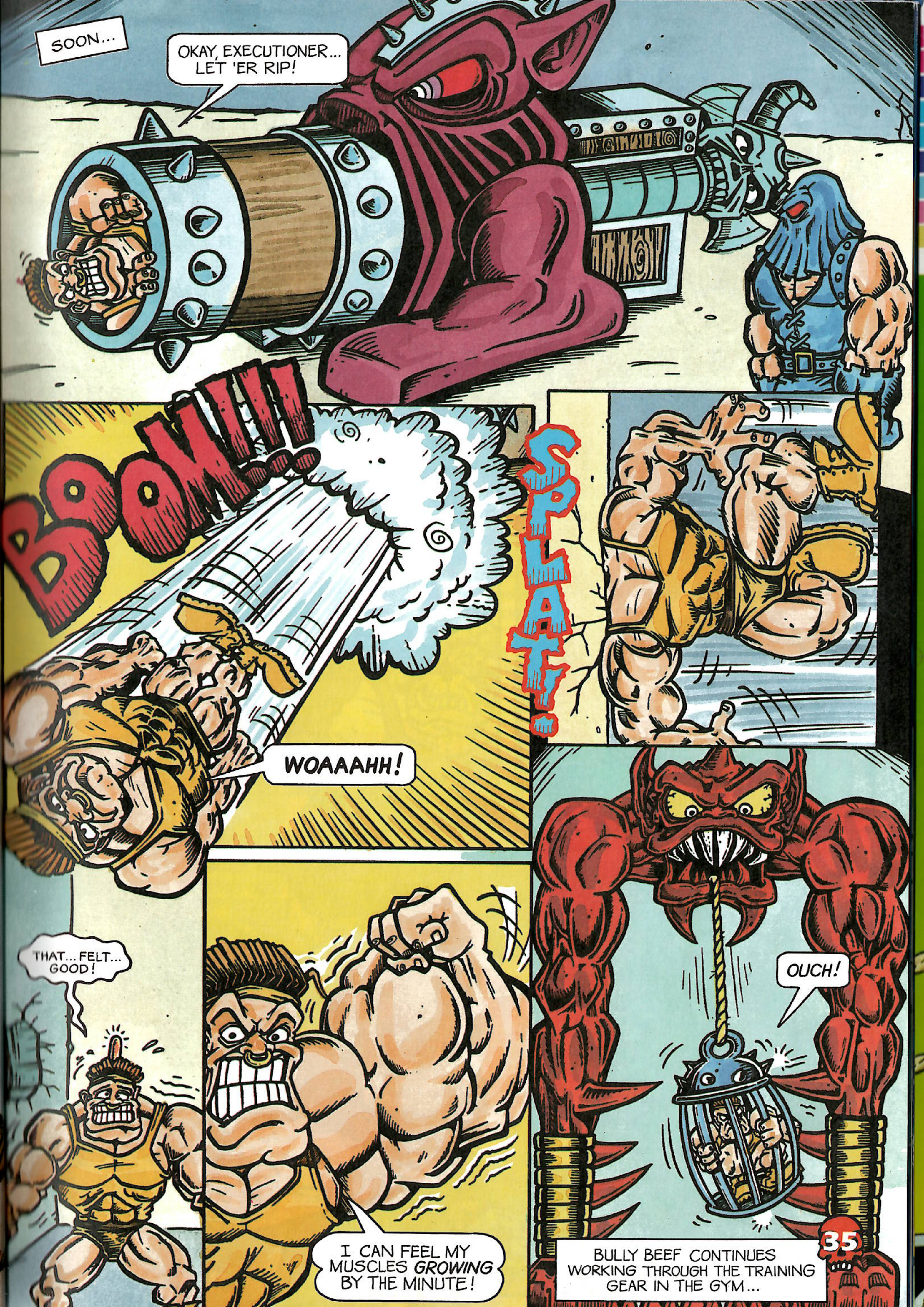


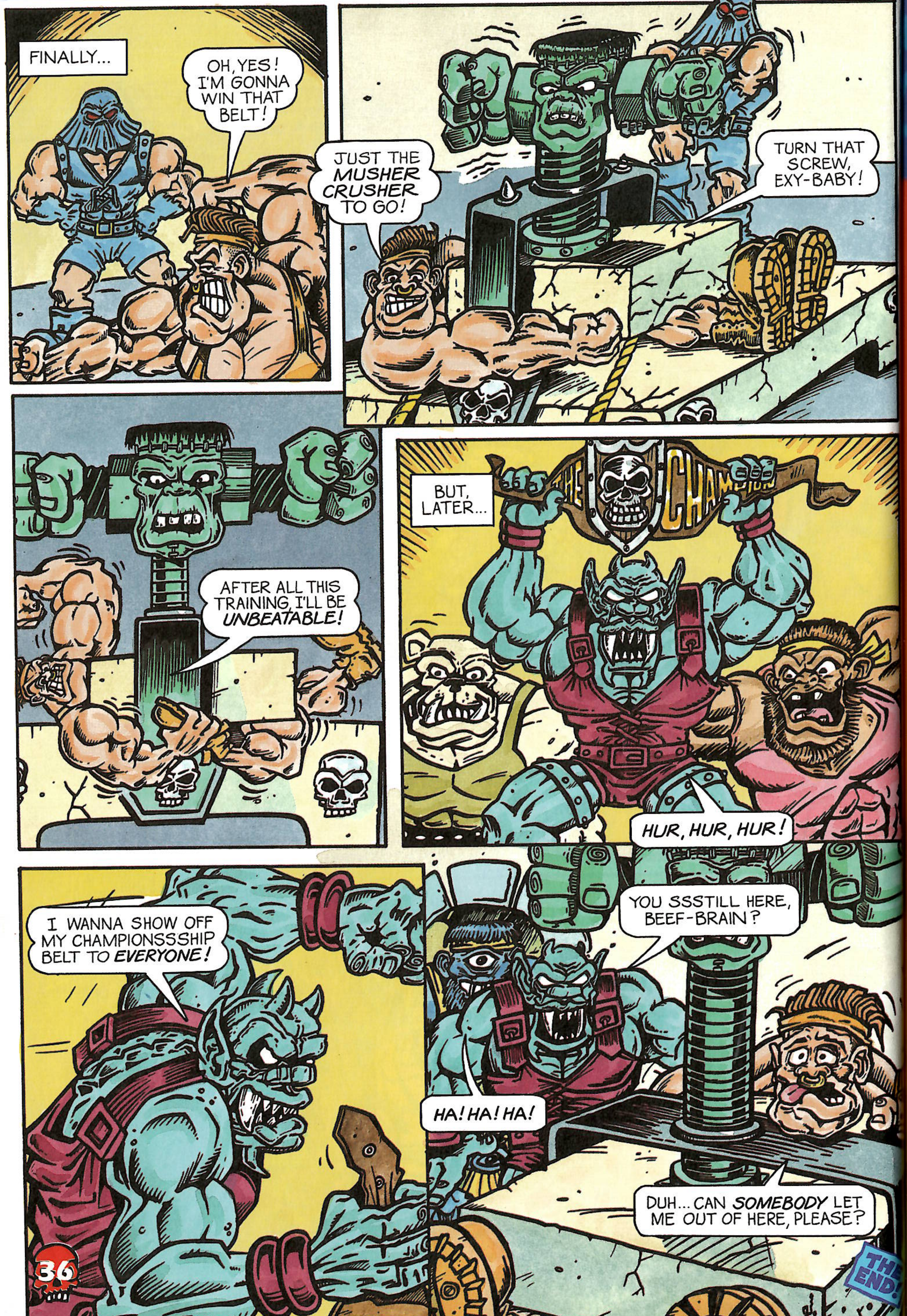



THE CH
I'VE DONE IT! I AM THE CHAMPION!
WELL DONE, RING-NOSE... I MEAN, BULLY BEEF!
RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING!
HUH?
ZZZZZZZZZZZ
OH, NO! IT WAS ALL A DREAM!
THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS THIS AFTERNOON!
IN TRAINING!
KABOOM!
DARNED NOVELTY ALARM CLOCK! IT ALWAYS WAKES ME WITH A BANG!


SHORTLY, AT THE GYM...
GANGWAY! THERE'S TRAINING TO BE DONE!
NO-ONE PUSHES BLOODSUCKER ZE VAMPIRE!
URK!
NOW YOU VILL PAY!
YOU VANT TRAINING- YOU VILL GET TRAINING!
I HOPE YOU HAF A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS!
MEGA HURT
PRETTY PAINFUL
GRRRRR!
WHACK!
WOW!


HA, HA! YOU VILL THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU MESS WITH ZE VAMPIRE AGAIN, EH?
THANKS, BLOODSUCKER! THAT GOT MY TRAINING OFF TO A GREAT START!
VHAT?
NOW WHAT SHALL I DO NEXT...?
TRY ZAT FOR SIZE!
TERROR TOMB
SLAM!
I THINK HE'LL GET ZE POINT IN THERE! HA, HA!
URGGH... I'M IMPRESSED!
TERROR
CREEAK!
BOY, THIS IS GOING WELL! I LOVE TRAINING!


SOON...
OKAY, EXECUTIONER... LET 'ER RIP!
BOOM!!!
WOAAAHH!
SPLAT!
THAT... FELT... GOOD!
I CAN FEEL MY MUSCLES GROWING BY THE MINUTE!
OUCH!
BULLY BEEF CONTINUES WORKING THROUGH THE TRAINING GEAR IN THE GYM...


FINALLY...
OH, YES! I'M GONNA WIN THAT BELT!
JUST THE *MUSHER CRUSHER* TO GO!
TURN THAT SCREW, EXY-BABY!
BUT, LATER...
THE CHAMPION
AFTER ALL THIS TRAINING, I'LL BE *UNBEATABLE!*
HUR, HUR, HUR!
I WANNA SHOW OFF MY CHAMPIONSSSHIP BELT TO *EVERYONE!*
YOU SSSTILL HERE, BEEF-BRAIN?
HA! HA! HA!
DUH... CAN *SOMEBODY* LET ME OUT OF HERE, PLEASE?
THE END!

YOU ARE A MONSTER WRESTLER!

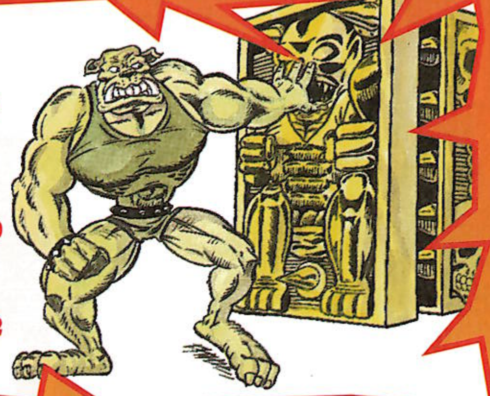
1. A major Wrestling Championship is coming up in three days. Will you:
Find some other wrestlers and practise with them?
GO TO 2
Go straight to the gym for some intensive training?
GO TO 22

2. You meet up with Gizzard the Lizard, Goonie, Frank the Stone and Grunt. Frank wants to wrestle all four of you as a team, so you let him. But Frank is not as tough he thinks and ends up in pieces on the floor!
NOW GO TO 3

3. As Frank is carried off by the Physio-Terrorists, the other three challenge you. Will you:
Take them all on at once?
GO TO 24
Suggest the four of you go two against two instead?
GO TO 34

4. You step into the Terror Tomb to begin your training. Bulldog Drumhead gets ready to slam the door behind you.
He is laughing and you notice that he has a large padlock in his hand.
NOW GO TO 5

5. You realise that Bulldog Drumhead plans to lock you in the Tomb. Will you:
Jump out of the Terror Tomb just before it closes?
GO TO 20
Ignore him because you are good at picking locks?
GO TO 12



6. Ouch! You've let go of the Centrifuger, spun off it and gone flying out through a (closed) window!
You land on Ortho the Ogre's stretcher and he carries you to the hospital.
SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

7. Bulldog Drumhead claims you were the one who started the fight, so the Ref is forced to disqualify one or the other of you.
Flip a coin to discover which one of you is disqualified:
IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 27
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 40

8. You forget about Bulldog Drumhead and go off to finish your training on your own. It's hard work, but a lot safer that way!
Soon you feel ready for the big Championship and so you head for the ring...
NOW GO TO 9

9. You wrestle your way through to the third round. You are about to enter the ring again when Bulldog Drumhead attacks you!
Flip a coin to find out if you can beat off his attack:
IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 33
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 36

10. Goonie is a tough opponent, but you finally wrestle him to the ground and put him in a hold.
He submits under pressure, giving you a great feeling of confidence for the Wrestling Championship ahead.
NOW GO TO 11

11. You're feeling confident, but are you really ready for the Championship yet? What do you want to do now:

Take it easy for a couple of days until the fun begins?

GO TO 16

Find more sparring partners?

GO TO 32

12. The door slams on the Terror Tomb and then Bulldog Drumhead locks you inside with his padlock. Relaxing inside the training device, you reach into your pocket for a safety pin to pick the lock with.

NOW GO TO 13

13. You have the pin, but you can't pick the lock because it is outside the Terror Tomb! You try and kick the door open instead. Flip a coin to find out if you manage to open the door:

IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 20
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 39

14. Bulldog Drumhead straps you to the Centrifuger and you prepare for a busy training session. As the Centrifuger begins to spin your straps all come loose. You hang on tight as the machine spins faster.

NOW GO TO 15

15. Bulldog Drumhead turns the Centrifuger's speed up to maximum and walks off laughing as you try to hang on without any straps. Flip a coin to find out if you can manage to hang on:

IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 6
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 21

16. You're getting bored with all this waiting around. Will you:

Read a book on wrestling techniques to pass the time?

GO TO 17

Nip down to the gym for some last minute training?

GO TO 22

17. After two full days of swotting up on wrestling techniques you enter the ring for the Championship.

You face One Eyed Jack. His favourite move is "The Optic Blast" and you know just how to deal with it...

NOW GO TO 31

THUMP!

18. Goonie turns in mid-air and lands on top of you. He pins you to the ground and tries to get you in his "Straight jacket" hold. Flip a coin to find out whether he is successful:

IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 19
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 26

19. You manage to avoid the "Straight jacket", but you are unable to put Goonie into a hold either. You both agree to call your practice bout a draw and decide to report to the gym for some extra training.

NOW GO TO 22

20. Relieved, but refreshed, after your brief stay in the Terror Tomb, you decide to get your own back on Bulldog Drumhead. You spot him hiding next to the Musher Crusher in the corner of the gym.

NOW GO TO 29

21. You cling on until the Centrifuger finally comes to a halt. Getting off, you look for Bulldog Drumhead to get revenge on him. You spot him hiding next to the Musher Crusher in the corner of the gym.

NOW GO TO 29

22. You arrive at the gym, but Harry Headlock is having a week off. Bulldog Drumhead is here and he offers to help you train. You accept his offer, as you know he'll only hound you for ages if you don't!

NOW GO TO 23

23. The gym is packed with training equipment. Bulldog recommends the following items. Which will you choose to begin with:

The Centrifuger?

GO TO 14

The Terror Tomb?

GO TO 4

CRASH!

24. You decide that wrestling three opponents at once will be a good work-out, so you prepare to take on Gizzard, Grunt and Goonie all at once.

When they all jump on you, you struggle to get free.

NOW GO TO 25

25. You manage to knock Gizzard and Grunt's heads together and knock them both out. How will you deal with Goonie now:

Try to put him in a hold?

GO TO 10

Have a go at throwing him?

GO TO 30

26. Goonie has you in an unbreakable hold and you are forced to submit. Nurse Deadly Nightshade is at hand and she admits you to hospital for seven days for a thorough examination!

SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

27. Ref 'Double' Nelson believes your story and you are free to fight on in the big Championship. Bulldog's efforts to knock you out of the competition spur you on and you win through to the final easily.

NOW GO TO 28

28. The final is a tough bout with Sabretooth. You only narrowly escape from his dangerous "Body Pin" and throw him onto the ropes. Finally, you get him in your best hold and he submits.

CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU ARE THE CHAMPION!

BANG!

29. You attack Bulldog Drumhead and throw him. He challenges you to a wrestling match. Will you:

Tell him you'll see him in the ring at the Championship?

GO TO 8

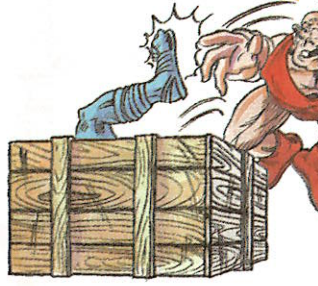
Take him on right now?

GO TO 38

30. Using all of your strength, you throw Goonie into the air, but he is an agile wrestler and you don't know how he will land.

Flip a coin to discover the outcome of your throw:

IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 18
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 37



31. Reading that book for two days solid has made your head hurt. You can't think straight anymore. One Eyed Jack floors you with an Optic Blast!
SORRY, YOUR BID FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP HAS ENDED IN DEFEAT IN ROUND ONE.

32. You are looking for more wrestlers to practise with, when you are attacked by Goonie, Grunt and Gizzard the Lizard. They are seeking revenge for their recent defeat and this time they surprise you.
NOW GO TO 26

33. You defeat Bulldog, but Ref 'Double' Nelson sees your out-of-the-ring scrap. What will you say:
That Bulldog started it?
GO TO 7
That Bulldog tripped himself up, you didn't touch him?
GO TO 27

34. Gizzard, Goonie and Grunt laugh at your idea! Before you have a chance to prepare yourself, they attack you all at once. Flip a coin to discover the outcome of the fight:
IF IT'S HEADS GO TO 25
IF IT'S TAILS GO TO 35

35. Your fellow wrestlers jump on top of you and Goonie puts you in his lethal "Straight jacket" hold. Your injuries need treatment by Dr Suture Self, so you join Frank in the hospital.
SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

36. Suddenly, you are at Bulldog Drumhead's mercy. He puts you into his "Dog Pound" hold and pummels you again and again until you agree to withdraw from the wrestling competition.
SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

37. Goonie lands on his back with a thump! He is forced to concede defeat as he is dragged off on a stretcher by Ortho the Ogre. You are delighted with your success and look forward to the coming Championship.
NOW GO TO 11

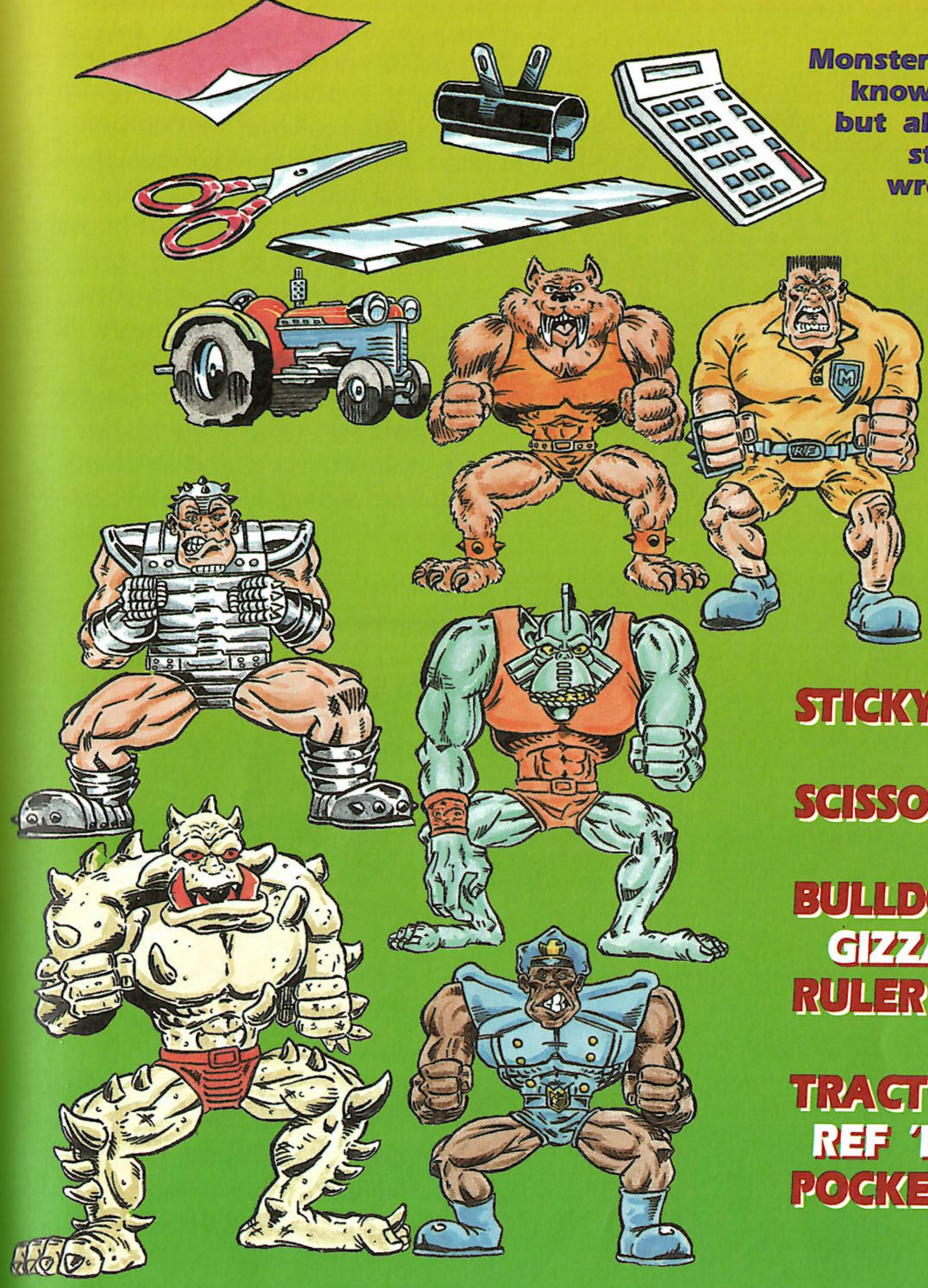
38. You jump on Bulldog Drumhead and try to pin him to the floor. He does a quick body swerve and easily avoids your hold. You fall to the ground and your foot gets caught in the Musher Crusher...
NOW GO TO 36

39. Try as you might, you just can't get the door of the Terror Tomb open. You have to wait until Harry Headlock gets back from his week's holiday before you can get out again.
SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

40. Bad luck! Ref 'Double' Nelson has decided to believe Bulldog Drumhead's story and disqualify you. You can appeal against the decision, but not until the Championship has finished!
SORRY, BUT YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS OVER!

WHOSE STATIONERY?

Monster Wrestlers are not well known for doing desk jobs, but all these pieces of office stationery belong to the wrestlers pictured on this page. Can you guess which of the items belongs to which wrestler? The checklists below may help you decide.



STICKY-BACK PLASTIC
STEEL SLAMMER
SCISSORS
SABRETOOTH
BULLDOG CLIP
GIZZARD THE LIZARD
RULER
SGT STRANGLE
TRACTOR
REF 'DOUBLE' NELSON
POCKET CALCULATOR
STICKLEBACK

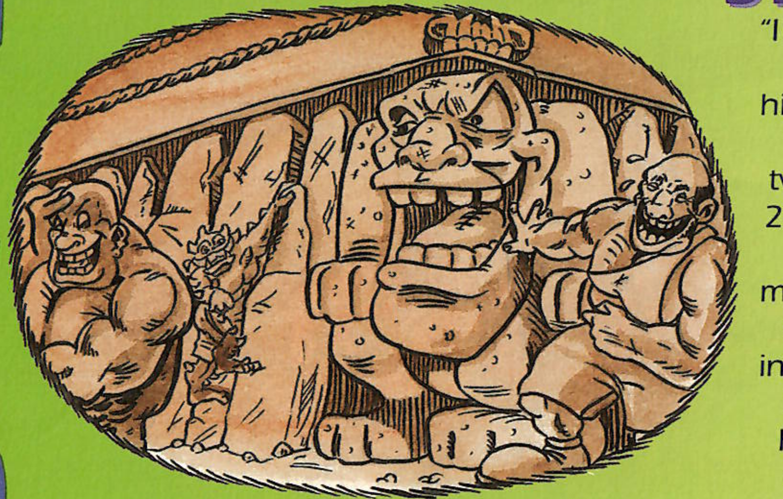
ANSWERS:

STICKY-BACK PLASTIC - Stickleback. Obvious really. He was watching Blue Peter, misheard the bit about the old squeezy bottle and "Stickleback" Plastic (as he calls it) has been his favourite stationery item ever since.
SCISSORS - Steel Slammer. His most famous hold, "The Scissor Grip", is named after these, so naturally he needs a pair to practise with.
BULLDOG CLIP - Bulldog Drumhead. All right, so he's not actually on this page, but it would have been too easy if he had been, wouldn't it?
RULER - Ref 'Double' Nelson. He uses this to measure the length of each round in the wrestling bouts he referees.
TRACTOR - Gizzard the Lizard. A lot of people might argue that a tractor is not really an item of office stationery - but they haven't seen Gizzard's office!
POCKET CALCULATOR - None of them. Sorry, we have to draw the line somewhere. Do you honestly believe that any of the Monster Wrestlers could operate a pocket calculator?

MONSTER MEMOIRS

Everyone on Monster Wrestling World wants to be a wrestler, but only a few ever get the chance... Well, actually, that's not true. Everyone on Monster Wrestling World wants to be a wrestler and everyone on Monster Wrestling World **is** a wrestler! It's just that there are only a few who make it really big. We think of Frank the Stone, Howlin' Prowlin' Werewolf, Crusher Cossack, Sgt Strangle, Bully Beef and perhaps a couple of dozen others among today's greatest sportsmen. But what of the past? It seems that some of our present stars and even one of our most noted Physio Terrorists have interesting stories to tell about their memories of the good old days of Monster Wrestling.

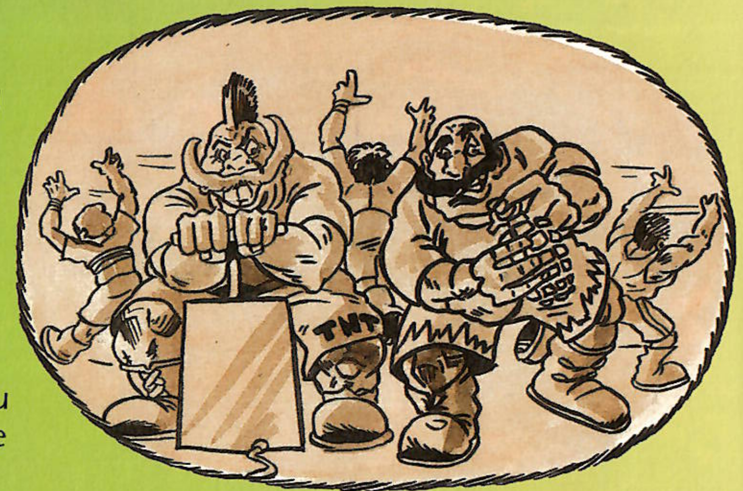
STICKLEBACK



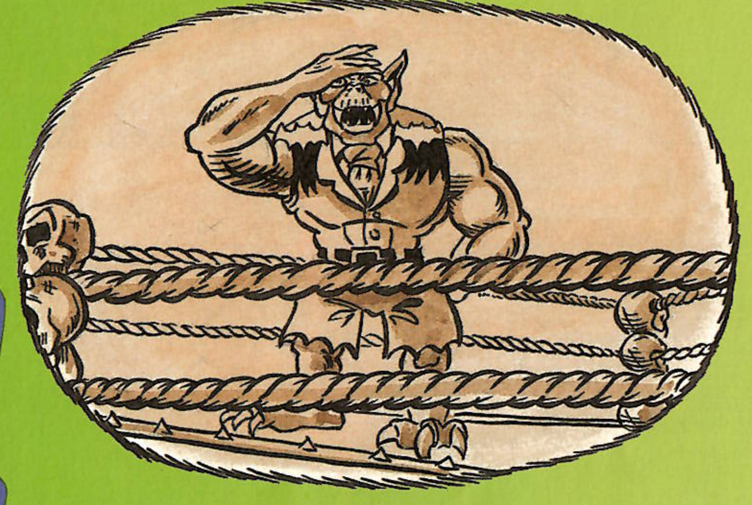
"I learnt everythin' I know from me uncle. D'yer remember him. The Mighty Minnow, they called him. He was only twelve inches tall, but he won 27 Championships before givin' up. He would've won lots more, but then they brought in that rule about havin' to get into the ring by yerself. Course he couldn't reach, could he? He had to retire and take up commentating after that - 'til someone mistook him for the microphone!"

NUCLEAR NINJA

"The great thing about the old days was that they sure knew how to blow each other up! I used to love the famous tag team of Grenade Blaster and TNT. All right, so they never actually won a Championship, but you always knew with them that the wrestling bout would go with a bang! Ha, ha! I try to be like them - you know, a crowd pleaser. Trouble is, detonating a ten megaton bomb in the ring is banned these days. Pity really..."



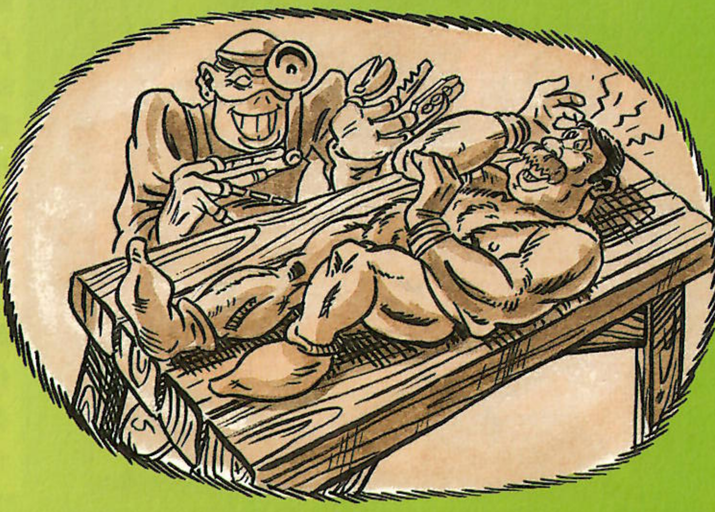
BLOODSUCKER THE VAMPIRE



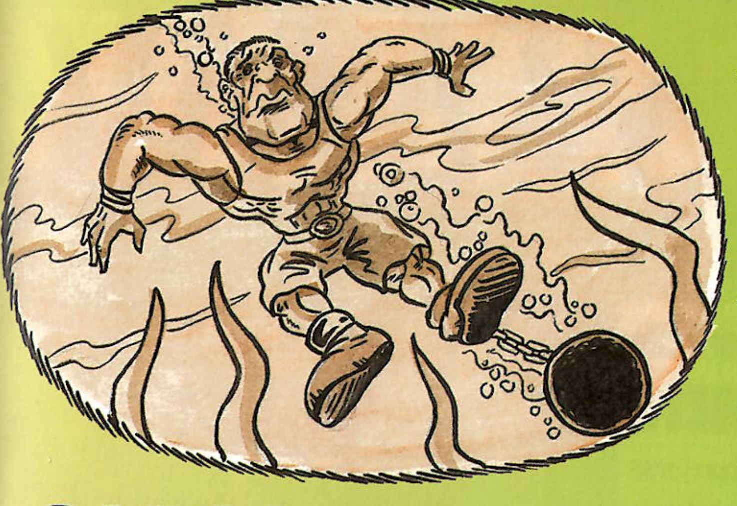
"Of course, I haf lived for many hundreds of years, so I remember ze good old days very well indeed. Wrestlers vere tough then and wrestling matches would sometimes last from morning until nightfall. Unfortunately, that meant that I missed most of zem, as I only got up when they had finished. Still, zere vas no bad blood between ze wrestlers back zen - not once I'd drunk it by performing my 'Brain Drain' hold, anyway!"

DR SUTURE SELF

"I remember when I was just a junior doctor, working all hours to patch up the wrestlers. We didn't have all the torture... I mean, **medical** instruments we have today and, during one very busy Championship, I had to treat a wrestler with a nasty ingrowing toenail. I had to break every single bone in his body with my bare hands before he was fully cured. He owed me a fortune by the time I'd finished and I set up my own practice with the profits!"



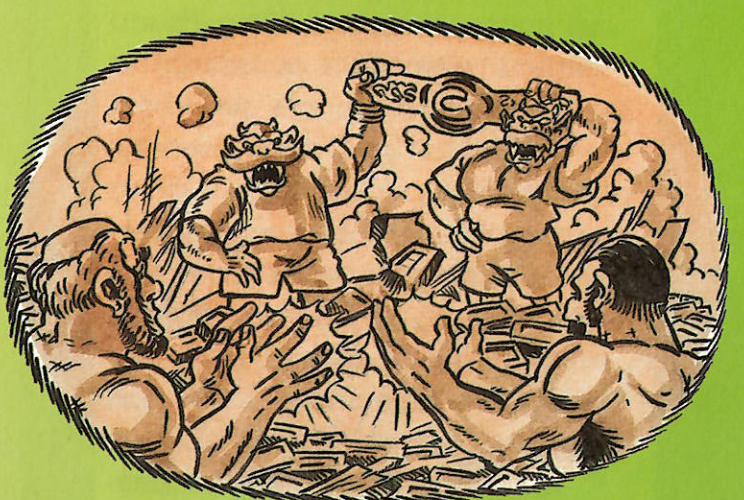
CHAIN GANG CHOMPER



"My dad was one of the biggest names in Monster Wrestling in the olden days and I'm dead proud of 'im. 'E wasn't a strong man, so he had to bribe his opponents to get 'em to lose, but 'e got found out and they sentenced 'im to 400 years on **Wrestlers' Island** - a high security prison. They reckoned 'e could've halved the sentence with good behaviour, but he tried to swim to freedom instead and drowned due to the ball and chain around his foot!"

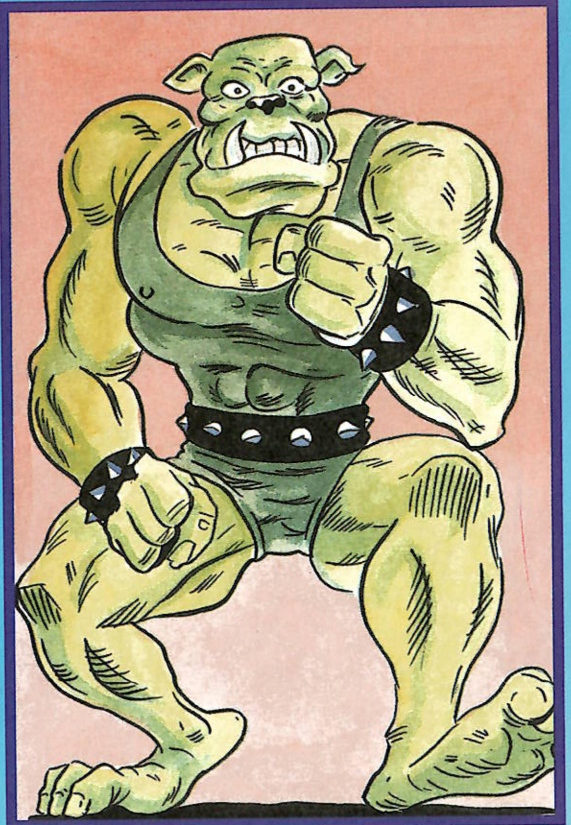
GARGOYLE

"If you asssk me, the 'good old daysss' weren't all that great! I mean, mossst of my family weren't allowed to do any wressstling. They had to live on the top of big ugly buildingsss. When they did do a bit of wressstling up there, they usssually ended up falling down. Once though, two of my great unclesss did wressstle an entire building to the ground and they were awarded a ssspecial Championssship belt for bringing the houssse down!"



BULLDOG DRUMHEAD

BULLDOG DRUMHEAD

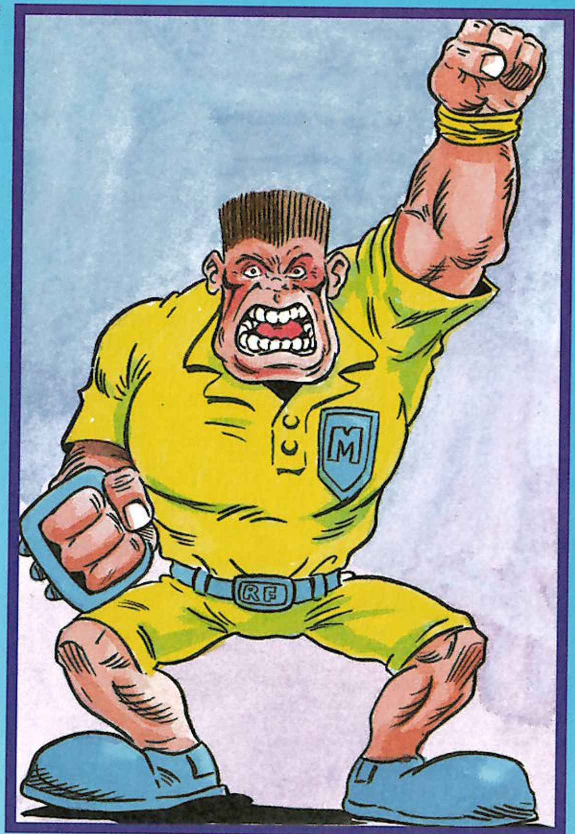


Career Victories:
more than anyone else!
Championship Belts:
every one I've entered!
Hobbies:
chasing cars, fetching sticks
Favourite Food:
pedigree chump, juicy bones, any old leftovers really!
Likes:
I don't like no-one or nuthin'! (except maybe aniseed balls)
Dislikes:
choke chains, vets
Most Feared Opponent:
fear is for wimps!
Future Ambitions:
to be top dog!

REF 'DOUBLE' NELSON

REF 'DOUBLE' NELSON

Career Victories:
none
Championship Belts:
one - no-one else came that day!
Hobbies:
reading rule books, trainspotting
Favourite Food:
cucumber and banana vindaloo
Likes:
blowing my whistle
Dislikes:
swallowing my whistle and whistle-removing surgery
Most Feared Opponent:
ones who break the rules (come to think of it, that's all of them!)
Future Ambitions:
to referee a fair fight

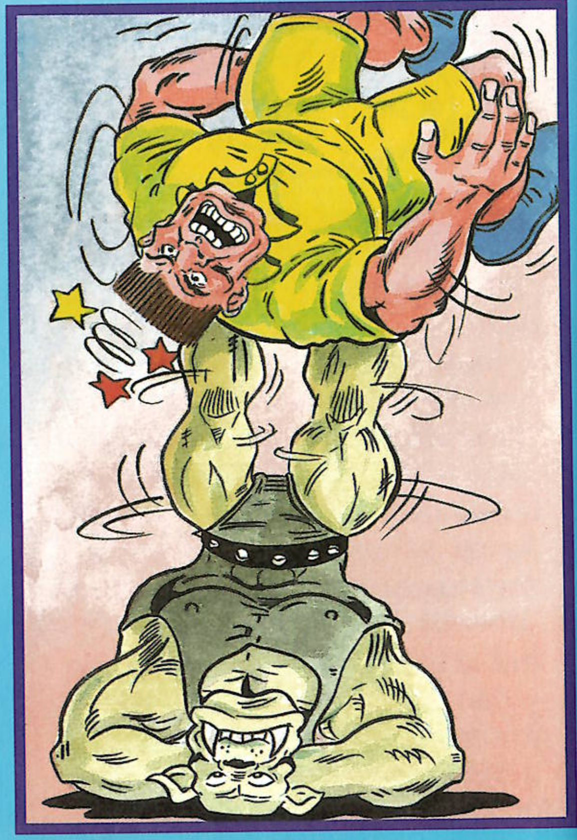


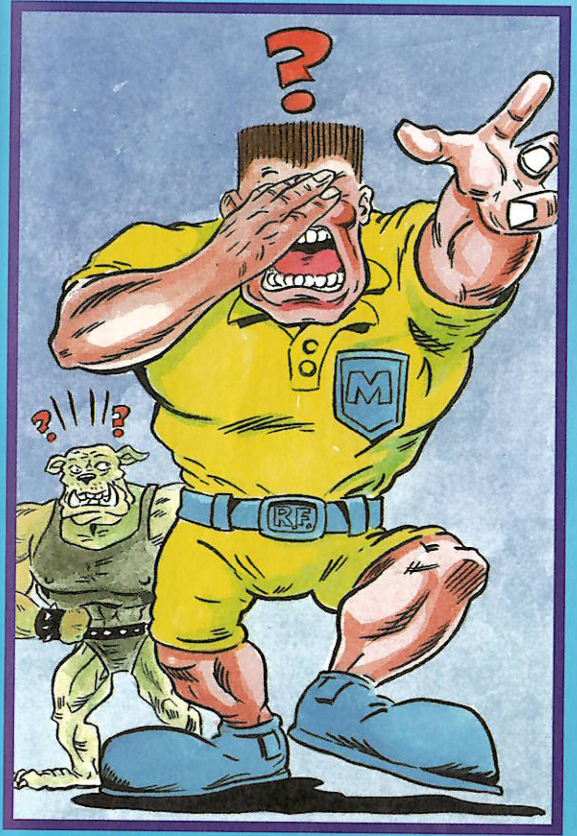
WRESTLING SUPERSTARS

Favourite Hold:

THE DOG POUND

Only Bulldog Drumhead has the skill, speed and agility to perform the Dog Pound - his most famous wrestling hold. There are two versions - the single Dog Pound simply involves him pounding his opponents with his feet, while the Full Dog Pound actually entails them being juggled in the air. It doesn't take long for even the toughest of wrestlers to lose consciousness when they get this treatment - not so much because they are being spun in the air, but rather because Bulldog Drumhead's feet smell so bad!





Favourite Hold:

THE 'BLIND EYE' RULE BENDER

Without doubt the stupidest and least effective of all wrestling holds ever devised, the 'Blind Eye' Rule Bender was a key factor in 'Double' Nelson's almost total lack of success as a Monster Wrestler. When his manoeuvre of covering his own eyes with his fingers failed for the seventy-third time to confuse his opponent and he lost yet another bout, Nelson decided to quit and become a Ref. His special hold was at last of some use, as he soon realised he would have to turn a 'blind eye' to all sorts of cheating in the ring!

WARNING - These holds are performed by Monster Wrestlers who have trained all their lives to fight in the ring and, in many cases, are far too stupid to feel any pain. Don't try them at home!

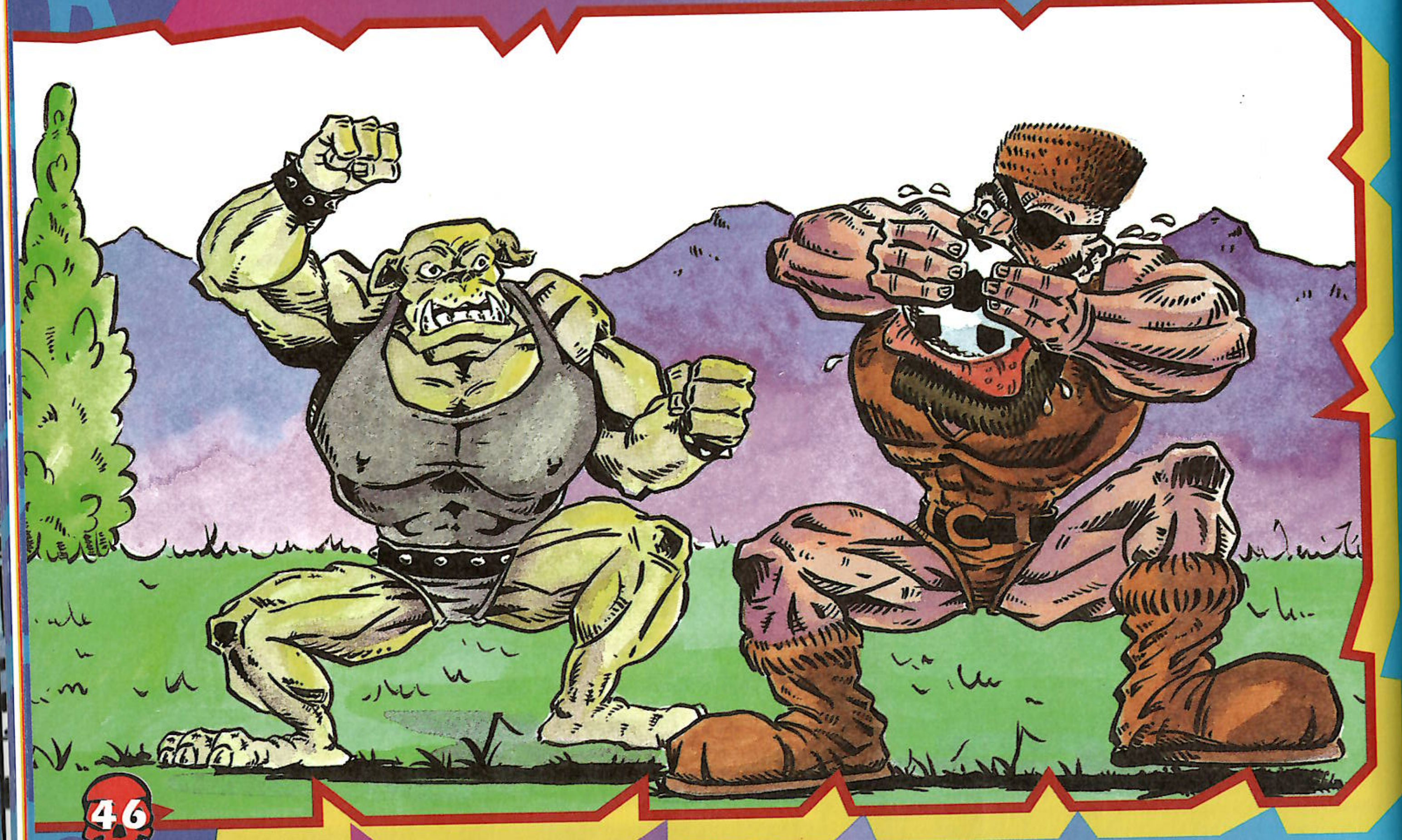
NEW SPORT IN TOWN

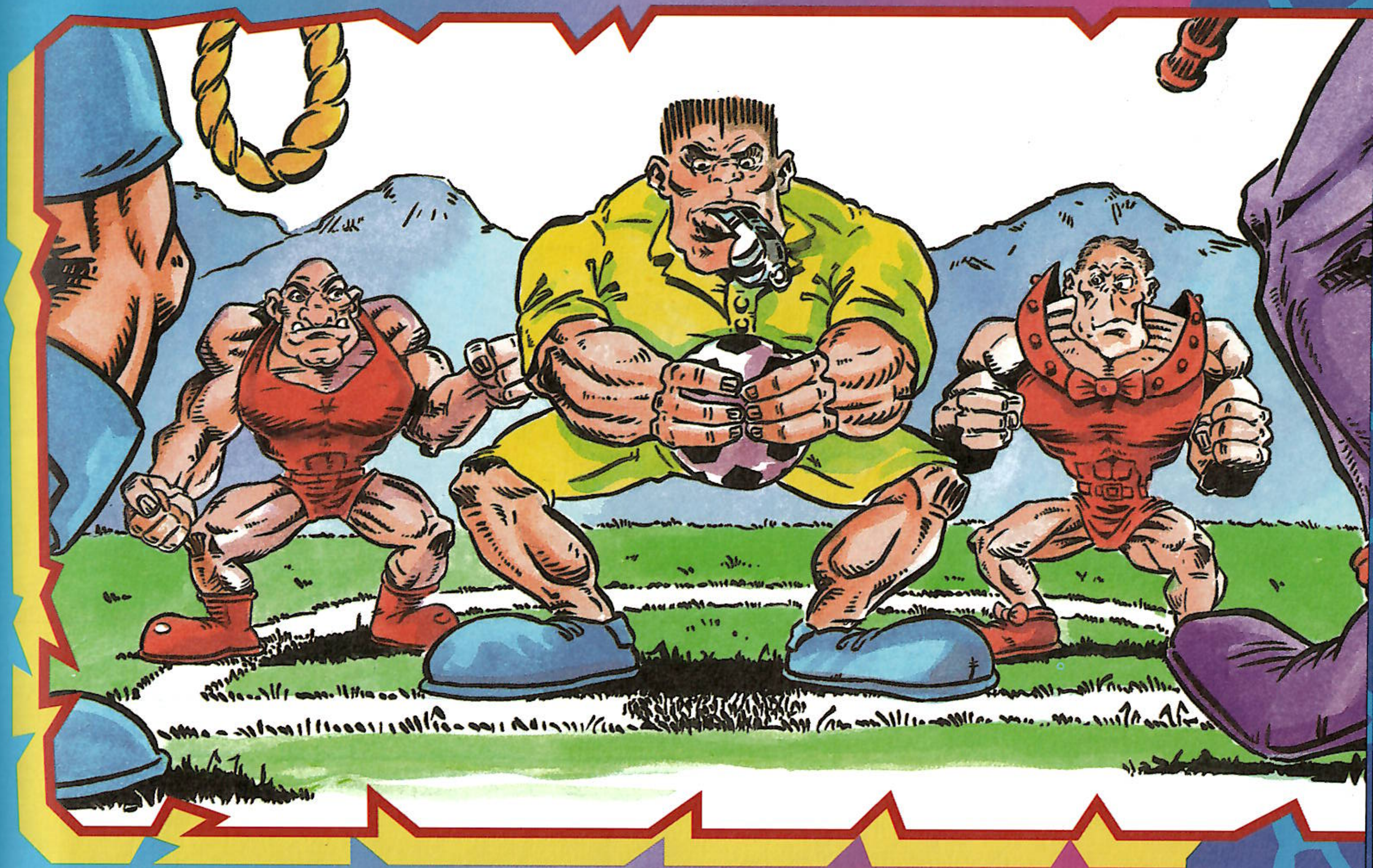
Bulldog Drumhead had just lost his fifteenth wrestling bout in a row and he wasn't very happy at all.

"What I need is a **change**," he decided. "Perhaps taking up another sport for a while might do me good." He searched around inside his little wooden hut for some idea what to do. Finally, he came across a strange round object. "I remember this," he smiled. "This is my great grandfather's **kickball**. He invented this weird game in which you have to kick it around and try to score goals and things. Maybe I can take up kickball!" Looking through a book of kickball rules that his grandfather had written many years before, Bulldog Drumhead soon realised that he was going to need a few other players to make up two teams. "That could be a problem," he sighed.

Unwilling to give up just yet, he set off to find other wrestlers who might fancy trying a new sport. He found it hard to get anyone interested, although Crusher Cossack did want a closer look at the kickball.

"Ah! Is tasty," he said, trying to put the ball into his mouth.





"What do you mean **tasty**?" gasped Bulldog Drumhead, grabbing the ball back. "You're supposed to play a game with it, not eat it!" Crusher was not convinced.

"What do you do, then? Throw it at your opponent?" asked Crusher Cossack. "I don't think I'd be too scared of it."

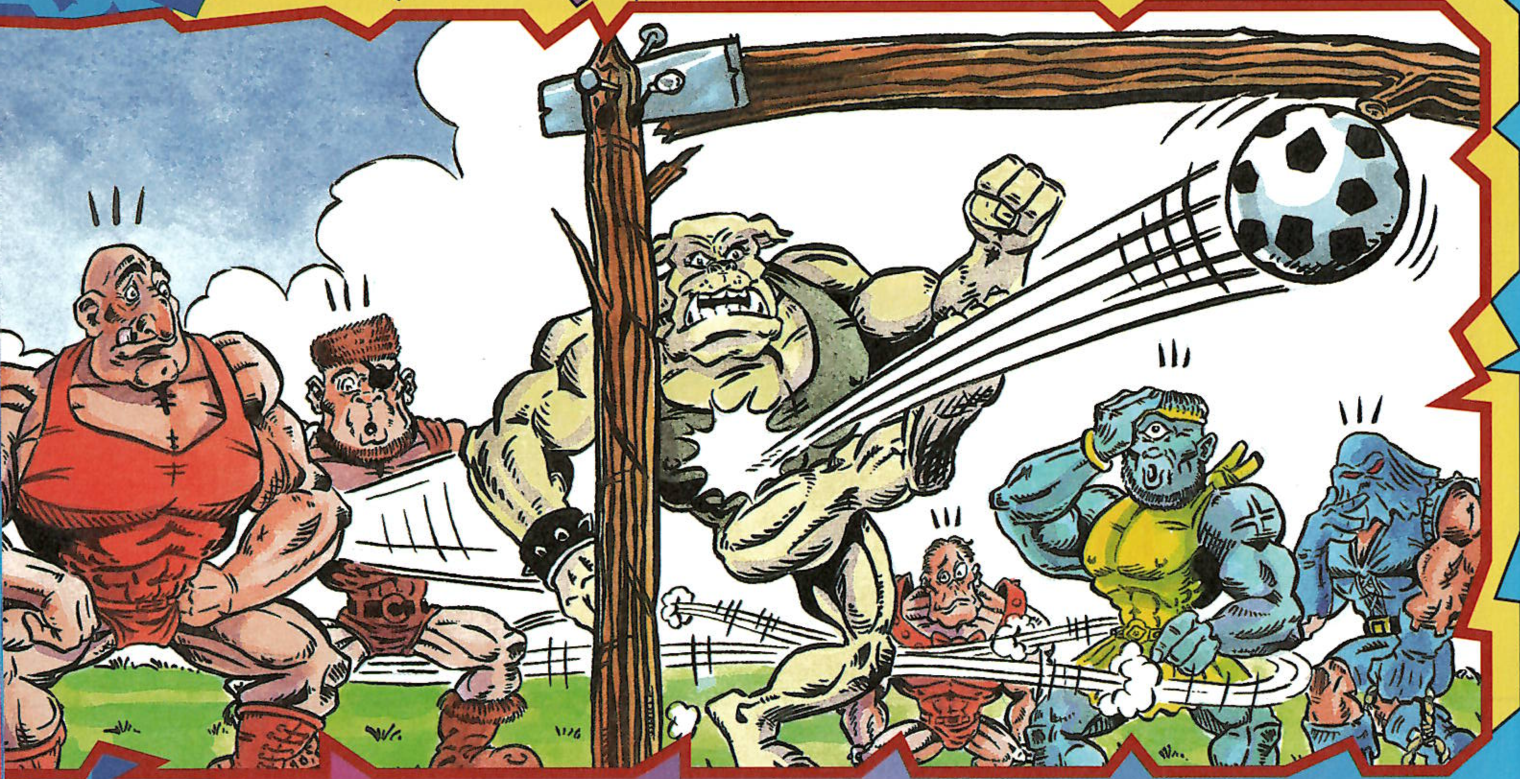
"Of course not," replied the Bulldog, putting the ball on the ground. "You kick it around like this..." He dribbled the ball past Crusher Cossack and kicked it at a wall. "You have to score goals, you see. Do you want to join my team, Crusher?"

"Why not?" shrugged the Cossack. "I vill try anything once." Pleased with his first recruit, Bulldog Drumhead continued trying to drum up players for his kickball match. Eventually, he managed to convince nine other Monster Wrestlers to give it a try and he started work on laying out a pitch for a **five-a-side** game.

"What are you doin'?" Chain Gang Chomper asked him, as Bulldog Drumhead set up a wooden goalpost on an open field. "Is this for **ball and chain** practice?" Before the Bulldog could stop him, Chain Gang Chomper had smashed the goalposts down again. "Hur, hur! Pretty good, Bulldog," he laughed. "I see you have another one to put up for me."

"Grr! They're not for **you**!" snarled Bulldog Drumhead, angrily. "These are for my kickball match and if you smash any more of my goals I'll bite your ankles!"

"Kickball?" puzzled Chain



Gang Chomper. "What a stupid idea." He put his ball and chain on the floor and tried kicking the ball. "**Oww!!**" he cried. "That hurts! I told you it was stupid." Bulldog Drumhead shook his head as the other wrestler hopped away on one foot.

"Now I'll have to build another goal," sighed the Bulldog, "and then try to stop anyone else from knocking it down." He knew that on Monster Wrestling World, that would be harder than it sounded!

Finally, though, his pitch was fully marked out and ready for the game. He had asked Ref 'Double' Nelson to referee the match and he was first onto the pitch, keen to start the game. Following a little more persuasion from Bulldog Drumhead, the two teams lined up against each other.

"Right, I want a **clean game**," said the Ref, "no scratching, no biting..."

"Er... it's all right, Ref," said the Bulldog, "kickball is not supposed to be that kind of game. You can just blow your whistle."

"Okay then," said the Ref, "I always think that stuff's a bit boring anyway." He blew his whistle and Bulldog Drumhead kicked off. He took the ball around one of the opposing payers, then around another. He did a quick body swerve to avoid a tackle from Julio the Mauler and raced on towards the opposition's goal.

"What a strange game this is," said Nuclear Ninja as he watched his team-mate running up the field. "I wonder when we start wrestling?"

"Now if you like!" shouted Gargoyle, jumping on his back. "The kickball is miles away up the field, so we might as well find something interesting to do while we wait for it to come back down here again." While Gargoyle and the Ninja were starting to wrestle in the centre circle, Bulldog Drumhead was closing in on the goal. He looked up and shot past One-Eyed Jack in goal.

"What a goal!" cheered the Bulldog as the ball went in.

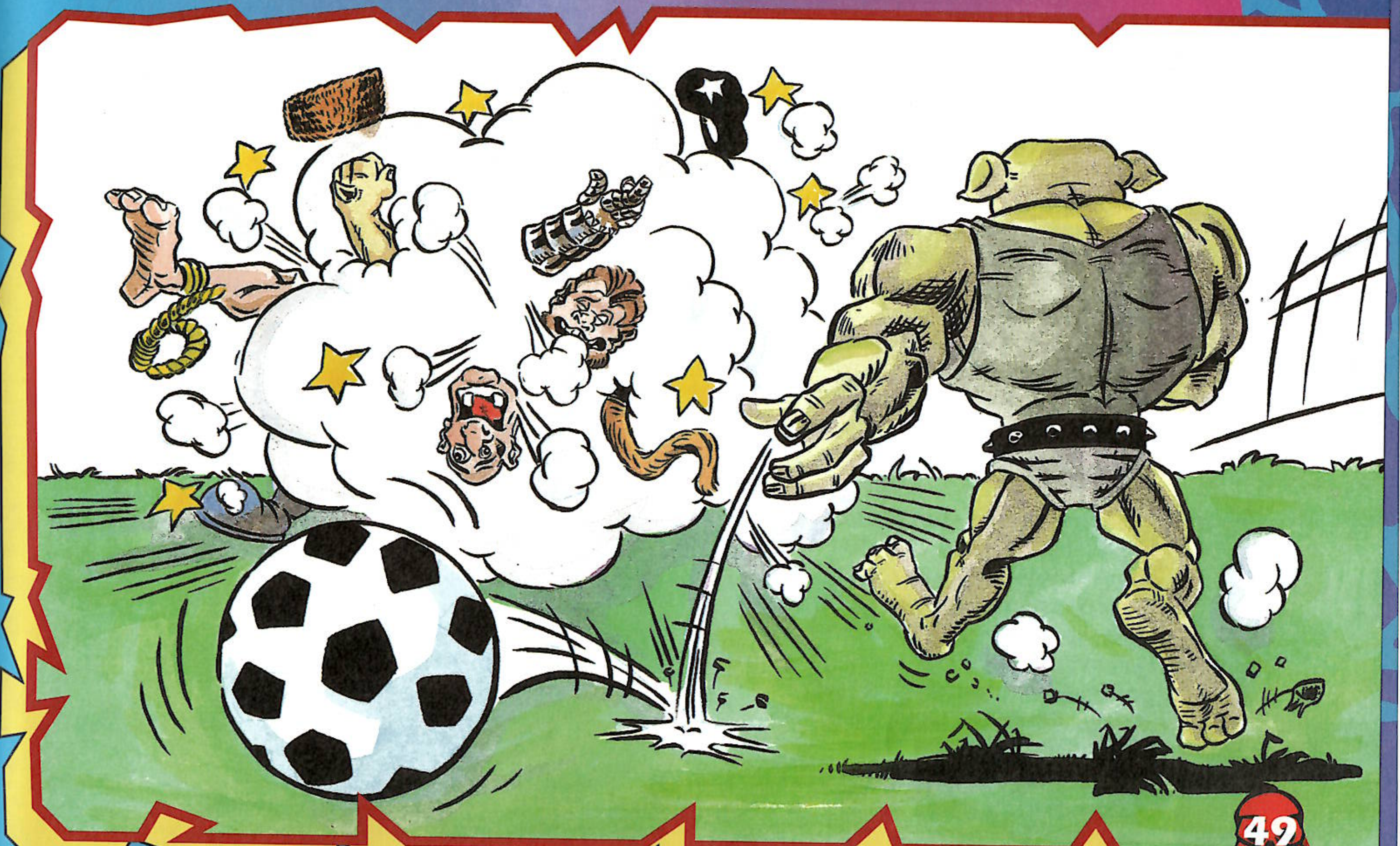
"Er... was I supposed to do something, then?" asked One-Eyed Jack. "I don't quite understand where wrestling comes into all this."

"It doesn't!" snapped Bulldog Drumhead. "This is kickball and we're **one-nil** up!"

"One-nil?" repeated Goonie. "Sorry, dog-breath, but this game seems a bit complicated to me. I think I'll do a bit of wrestling if it's all the same to you." He turned around to face Crusher Cossack and they started wrestling. By the time Bulldog Drumhead had returned to the centre circle for the kick off after his goal, most of the other wrestlers had joined in with Gargoyle and Nuclear Ninja.

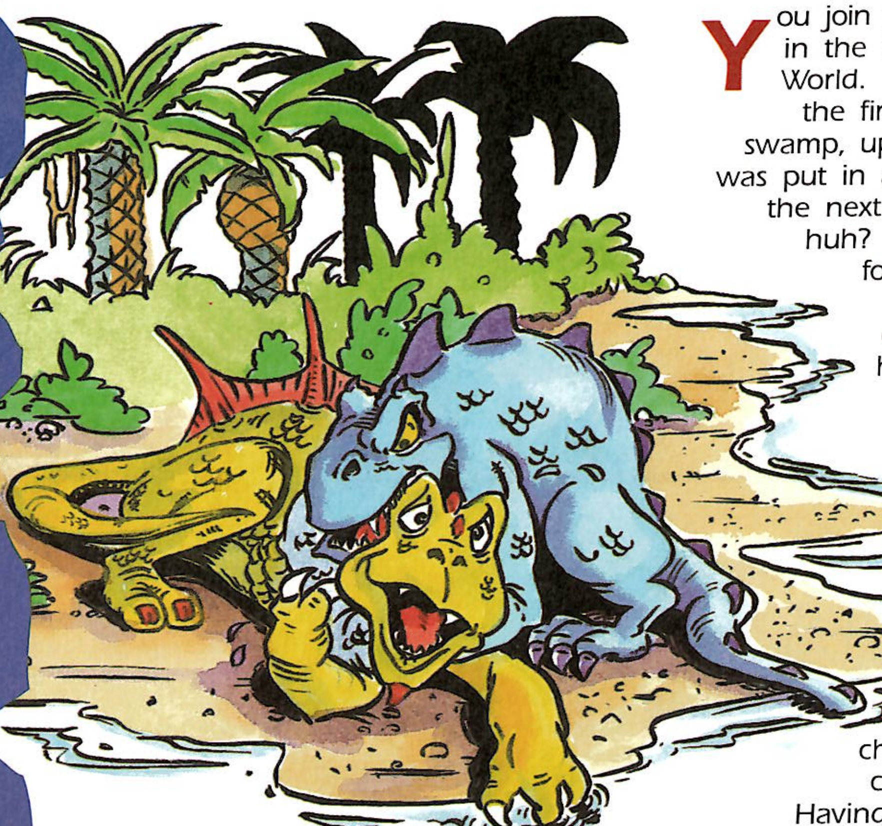
"**Stop!**" screamed the Bulldog. "This is supposed to be a kickball match, not a wrestling championship." As he looked around the pitch, Bulldog Drumhead realised that it was hopeless. What had started as a kickball game had swiftly become a massive free-for-all, with the wrestlers using his carefully constructed kickball pitch as a novelty wrestling ring. At least he had managed to score one goal and he was grateful for that.

"Oh well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!" shouted the Bulldog as he raced into the fray. "These new sports are okay, but there's nothing like a good old-fashioned **wrestle**!"



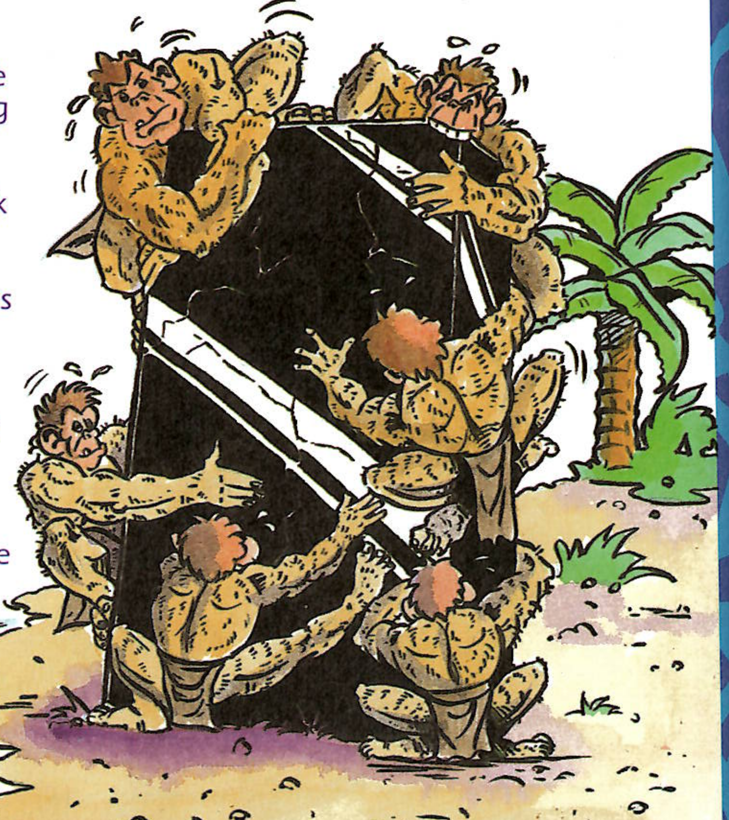
THE HISTORY OF MWW

4 B.W. 150 B.W. (before wrestling)



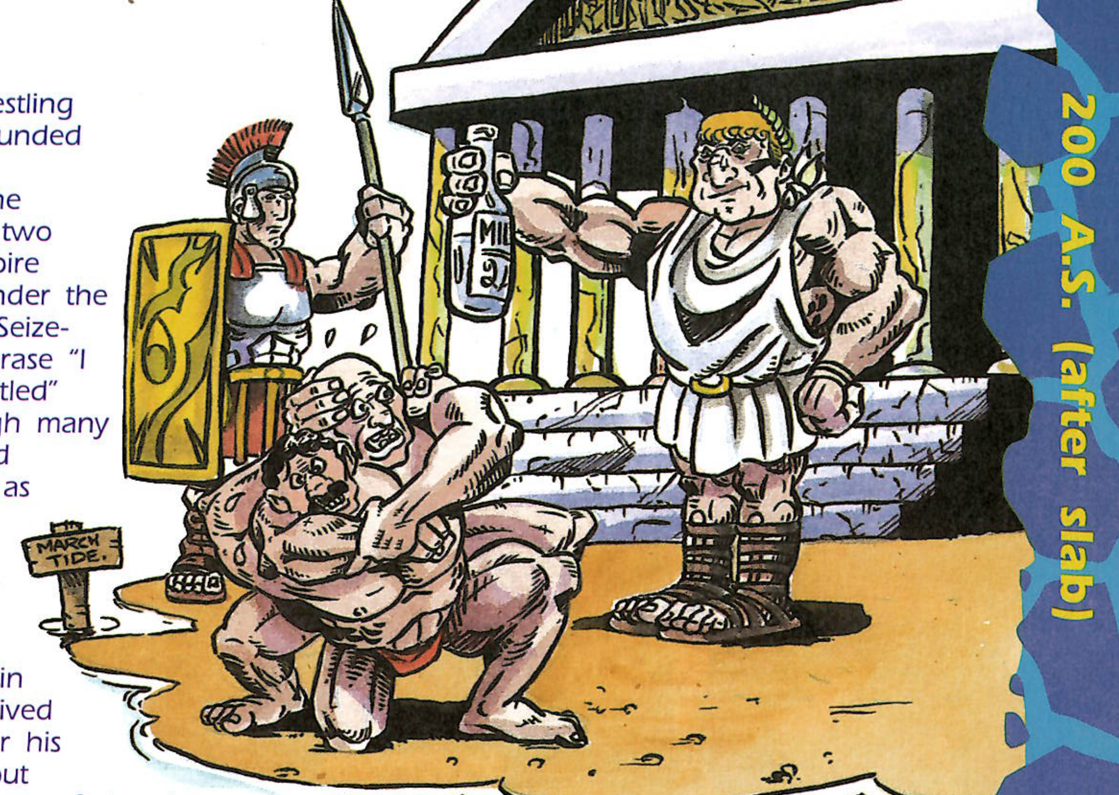
You join us here at a pivotal moment in the history of Monster Wrestling World. That crucial moment when the first lizard crawled out of the swamp, up onto the land - and then was put in a triple nelson head-lock by the next lizard behind him! Typical, huh? You wait 600 million years for the emergence of MWW's first land animal, then two come along at once. Many historians regard this second lizard as the first ever Monster Wrestling Champion (unofficial, of course), but others point to records dating back as far as 4500 B.W. that suggest amoeba wrestling was very popular until several competitors cheated by growing a second cell to improve their chances. Having moved up the evolutionary chain they were expelled from **AWFUL** (the Amoeba Wrestling Federation of Unitary Lifeforms) and were forced to seek out new challenges in other sports which were not restricted to single cell organisms. They subsequently took up synchronised swimming, but tragically drowned in a bowl of primordial soup!

Although quite a bit of amateur wrestling went on between the primitive creatures which inhabited MWW in prehistoric days, they spent much of their time evolving instead. When given their instructions on how to do this, one particularly unfortunate group of primitives took to spinning around all day and died out through terminal dizziness before they realised someone had added an r to the word evolving for a joke. Finally, in 4 B.W., one of the primitives decided that evolution was overrated, so he built a big black slab to distract everyone for a while. Naturally enough, his plan worked perfectly as lots of his fellow primitives tried wrestling the black slab into submission. When the slab refused to give in, the primitives decided to fight each other and the foundations of MWW's civilised society were laid. It took four years from that day to organise the first Wrestling Championship - a week to get all the wrestlers together and three years, fifty-one weeks to find someone who could make a Championship belt to give to the winner!



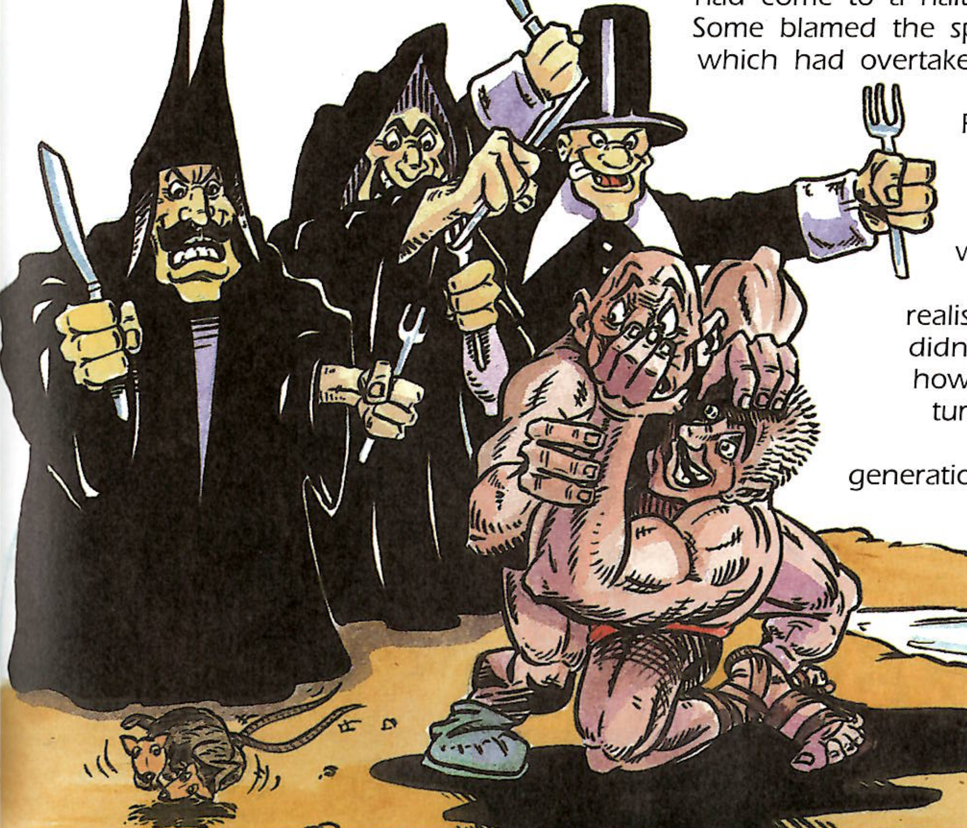
200 A.S. (after slab)

The Mighty Wrestling Empire was founded in 68 A.S. and flourished during the course of the next two centuries. The Empire reached its peak under the leadership of Julio Seize-Em, whose catchphrase "I came, I saw, I wrestled" inspired him through many great conquests and ensured him a job as a top gameshow host on his retirement from the post of "Supreme World Dictator and part-time Milkman" in 200 A.S. Julio survived for many years after his official retirement, but eventually died in an unfortunate springtime boating accident when he miscalculated the tides of March. None of Seize-Em's successors could live up to his reputation - nor remember his much-loved catchphrase - so the Empire went into decline. The final straw came when traditional wrestling was banned and all the best wrestlers were thrown to the lions to provide alternative entertainment to the masses. Predictably, the lions formed a union and went on strike. They demanded that the wrestlers stop bothering them and the Empire simply had no idea how to strike back.

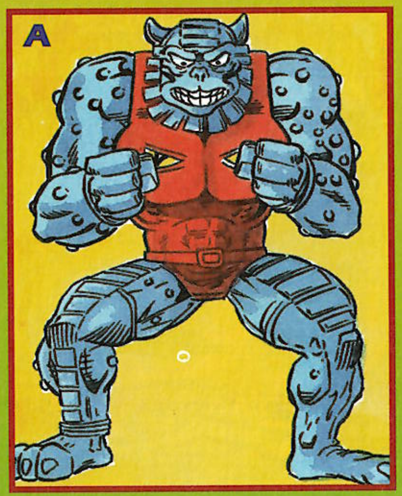


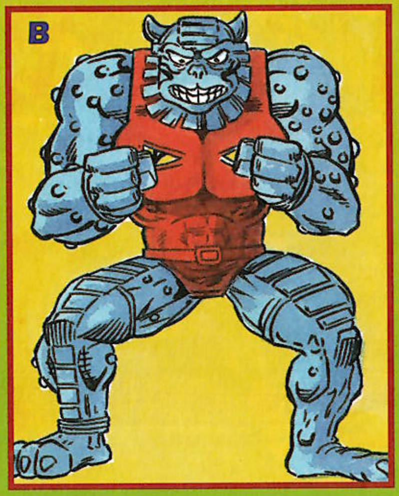
1100-1430 A.S.

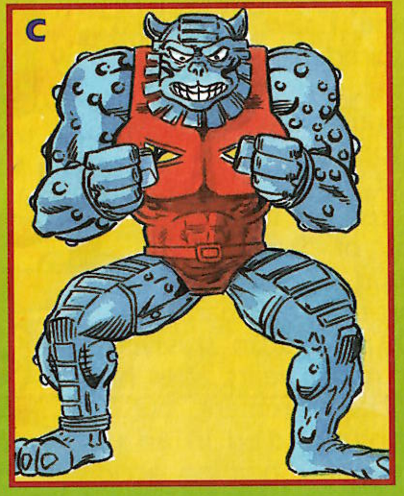
One of the grimmest periods in MWW's history began around 1100 A.S. and lasted for more than three centuries. The so-called "Dark Ages" saw plague, pestilence, famine and the fashion for black clothes wipe out more than 90% of the world's population. It wasn't until 1430 A.S. that someone realised that the plague, pestilence and famine had ended back in 1120 A.S. - having claimed the lives of less than 3% of all Monster Wrestlers. A factory producing poisonous black clothing dye was then hastily closed down and a new age dawned on Monster Wrestling World. The "Dark Ages" were over at last, but all wrestling had come to a halt during the period. Some blamed the sport for the disaster which had overtaken the world and a group called the Famished Inquisition took to eating anyone they found engaged in a wrestling bout. The Inquisitors soon realised that their food didn't agree with them, however, and so wisely turned their talents to providing the new generation of wrestlers with a whole range of interesting training devices.



more BRAINGRAPPLING!







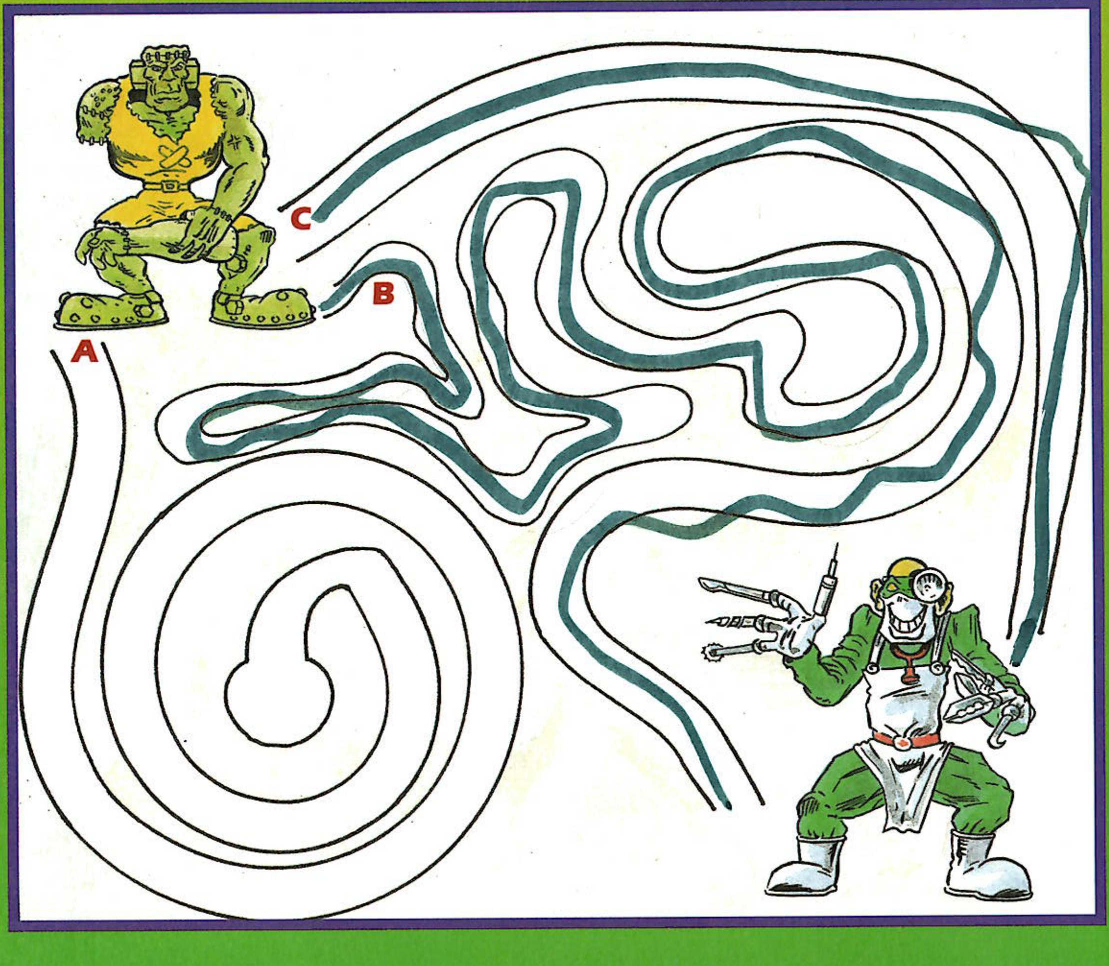
So you still want to be a Monster Wrestler? Well, here are two more tricky tests for you to pass if you want to fulfil your dream!

1. ODD ONE OUT

Can you pick the odd one out from the seemingly identical pictures of Grunt above?

2. A-MAZED

Frank The Stone needs some medical attention, but Dr Suture Self is on the other side of this maze. Which path do you think Frank should take?

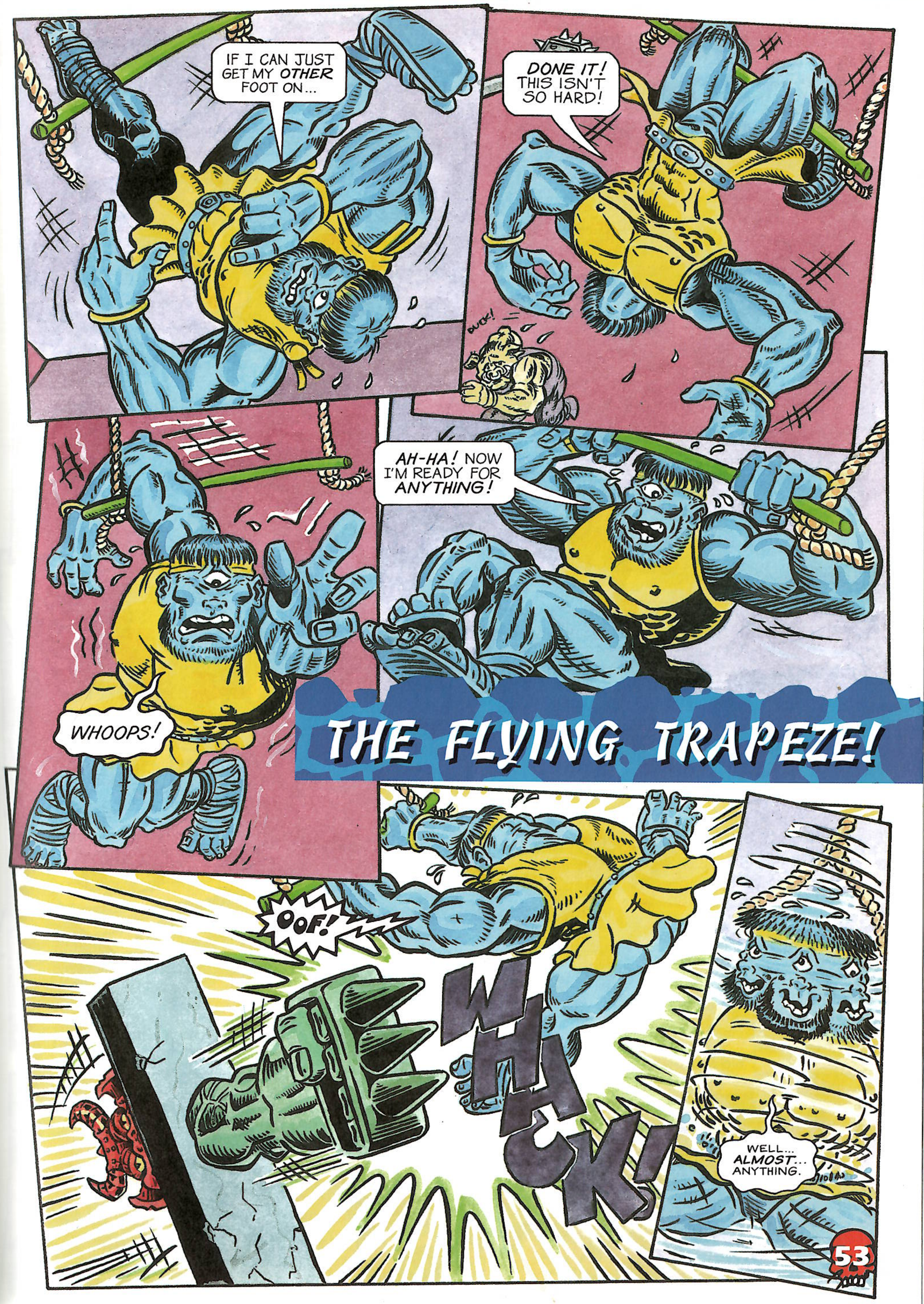


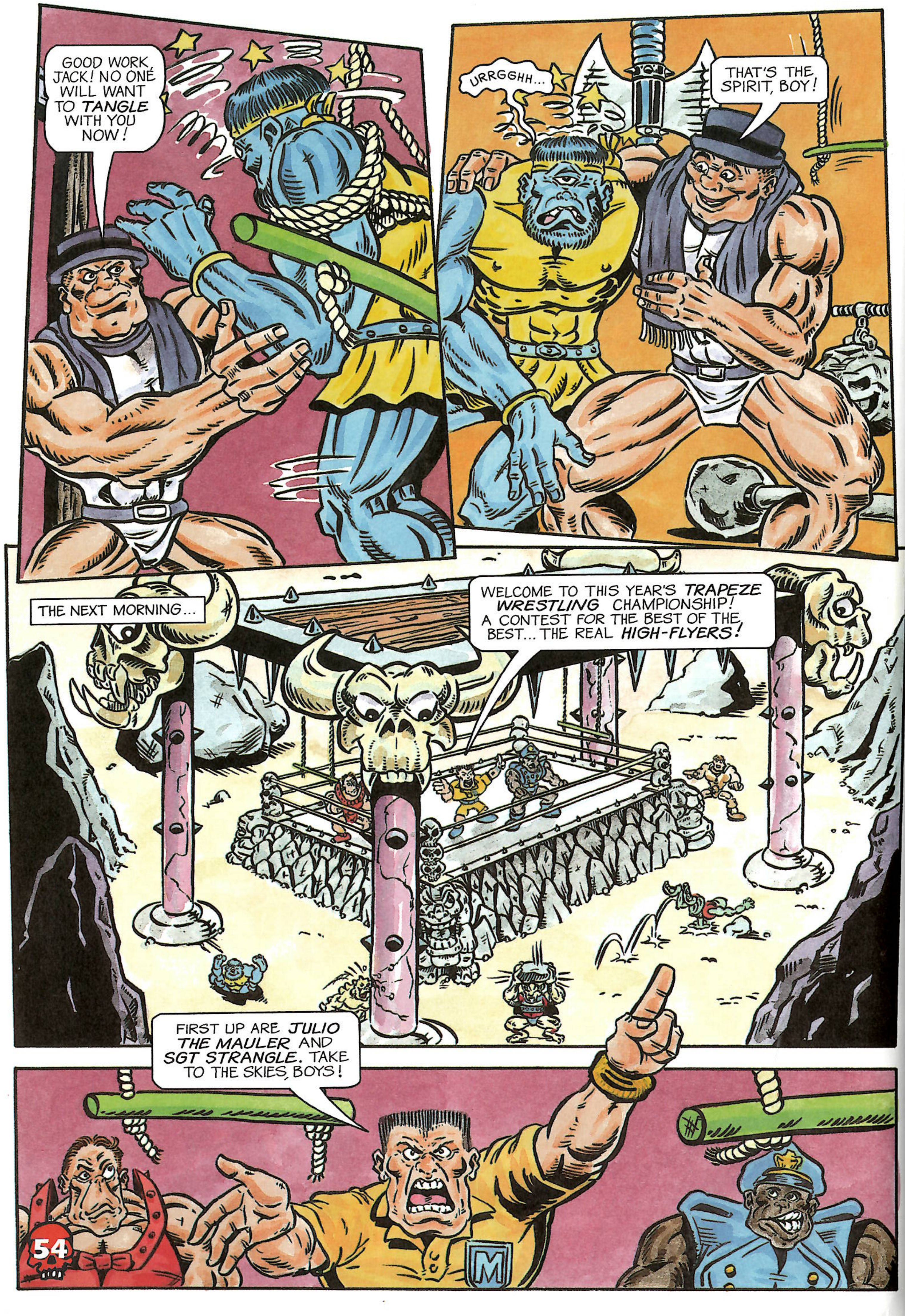
ANSWERS:

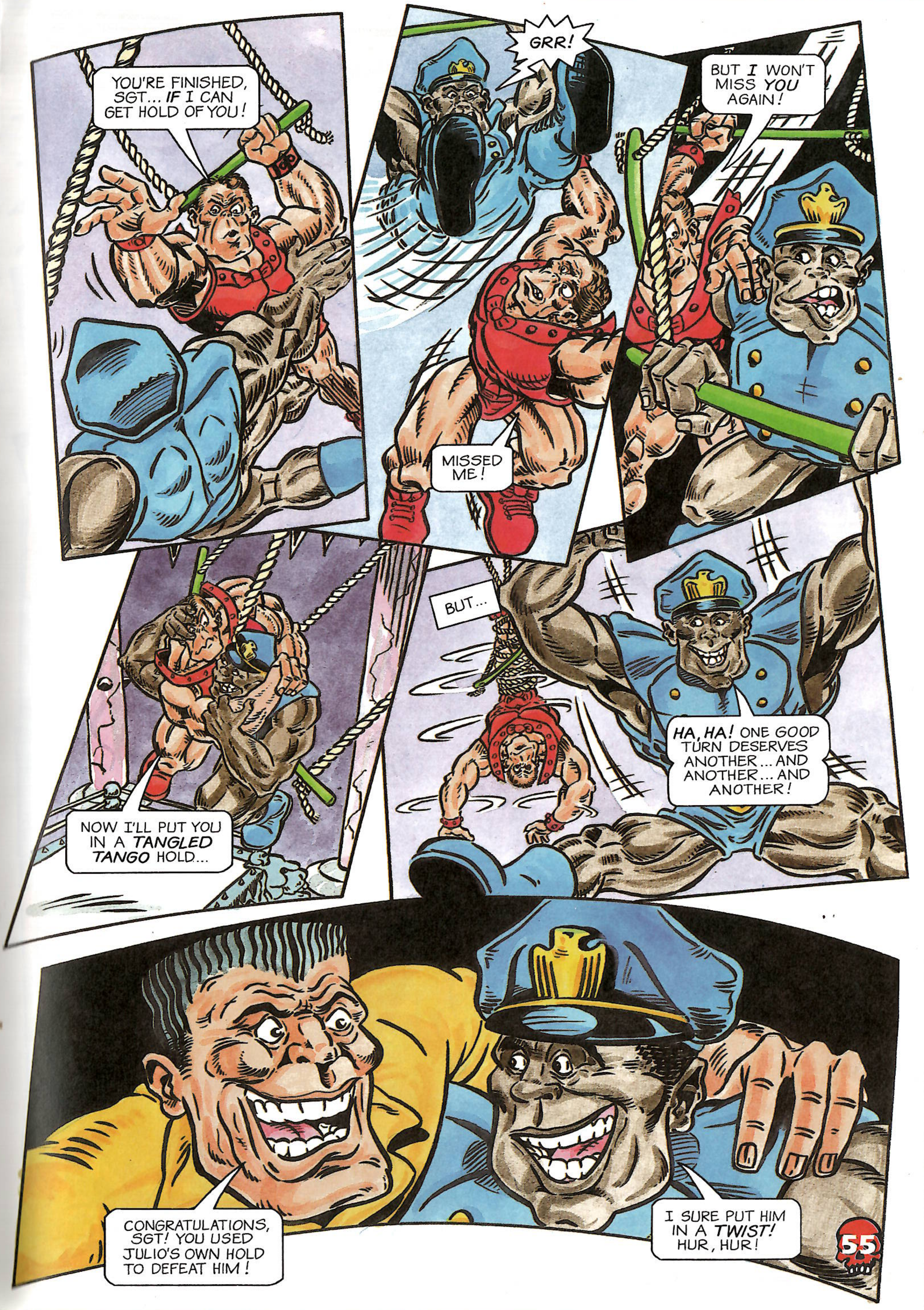
1. The Grunt in picture A had cereal for breakfast, but in the other pictures he had two slices of toast!

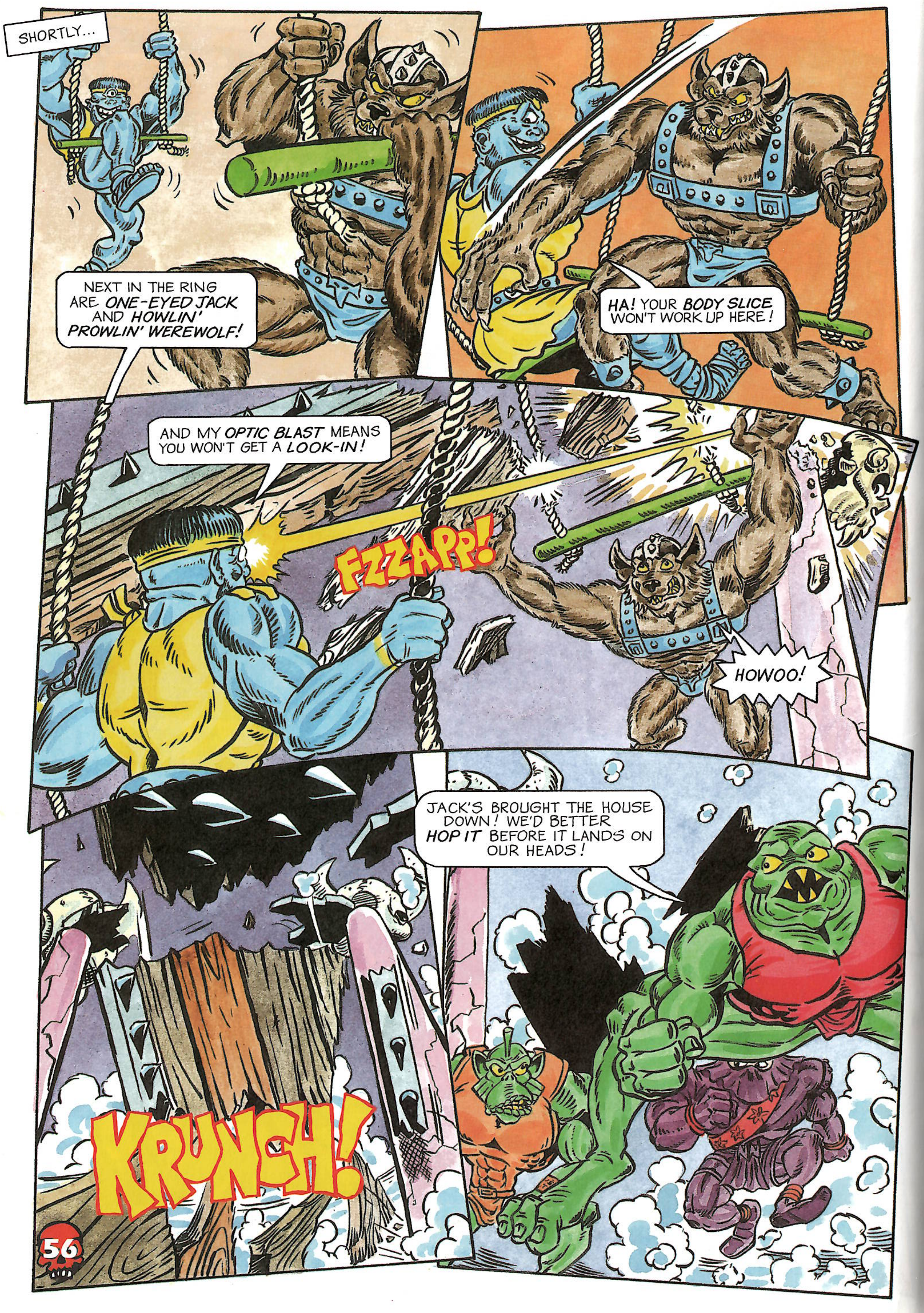
2. Path A is the safest option, as it doesn't lead to the doctor at all! Path C is very risky because it leads straight to him and Frank is likely to get some treatment from the Physio Terrorists if he goes this way. Path B might be okay, because by the time Frank makes it through, Dr Suture Self will have probably given up waiting for him and gone home!

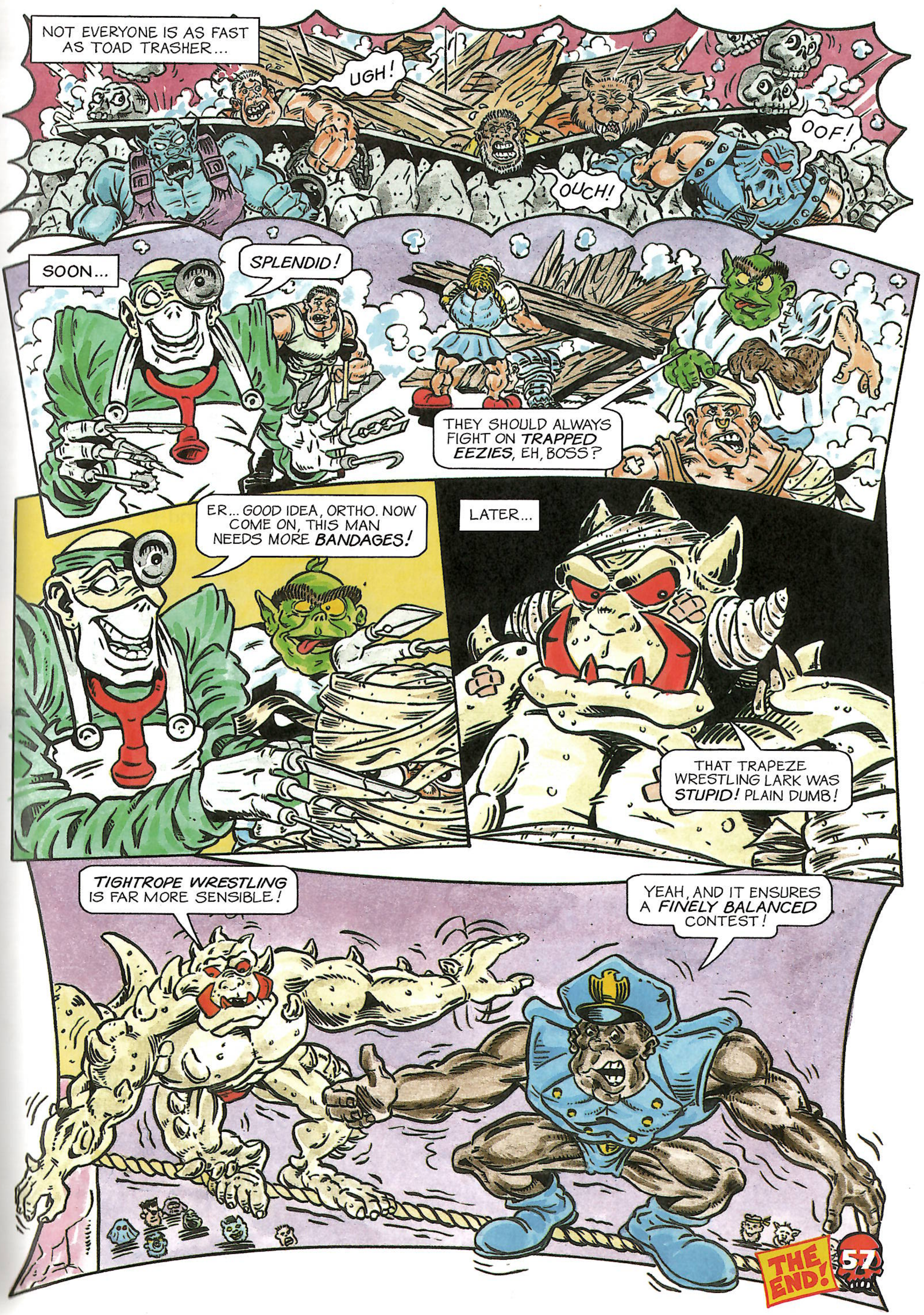
THE FLYING TRAPEZE!


IF I CAN JUST GET MY *OTHER* FOOT ON...
DONE IT! THIS ISN'T SO HARD!
GULP!
WHOOPS!
AH-HA! NOW I'M READY FOR *ANYTHING!*
OOF!
WHACK!
WELL... *ALMOST*... ANYTHING.


GOOD WORK, JACK! NO ONE WILL WANT TO *TANGLE* WITH YOU NOW!
URRGGHH...
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BOY!
THE NEXT MORNING...
WELCOME TO THIS YEAR'S *TRAPEZE WRESTLING* CHAMPIONSHIP! A CONTEST FOR THE BEST OF THE BEST... THE REAL *HIGH-FLYERS!*
FIRST UP ARE *JULIO THE MAULER* AND *SGT STRANGLE.* TAKE TO THE SKIES, BOYS!
M

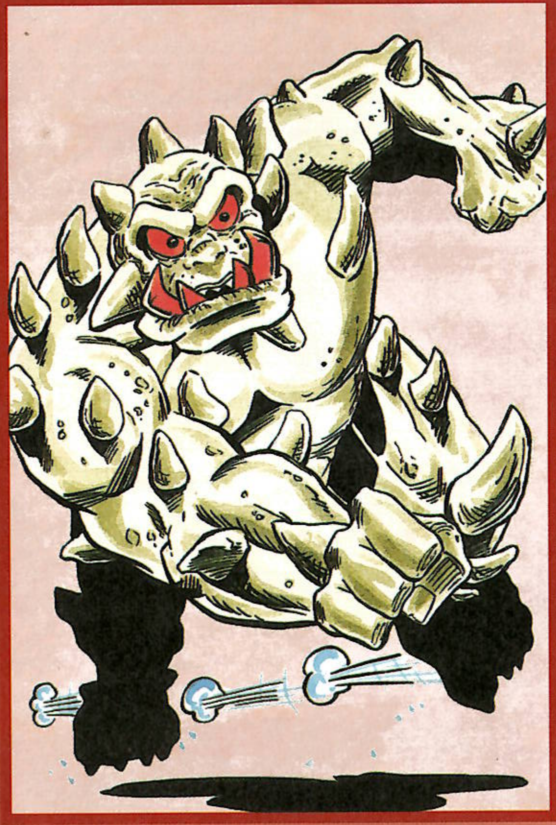

YOU'RE FINISHED, SGT... *IF* I CAN GET HOLD OF YOU!
GRR!
MISSED ME!
BUT *I* WON'T MISS *YOU* AGAIN!
NOW I'LL PUT YOU IN A *TANGLED TANGO* HOLD...
BUT...
HA, HA! ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER!
CONGRATULATIONS, SGT! YOU USED JULIO'S OWN HOLD TO DEFEAT HIM!
I SURE PUT HIM IN A *TWIST!* HUR, HUR!


SHORTLY...
NEXT IN THE RING ARE *ONE-EYED JACK* AND *HOWLIN' PROWLIN' WEREWOLF!*
HA! YOUR *BODY SLICE* WON'T WORK UP HERE!
AND MY *OPTIC BLAST* MEANS YOU WON'T GET A *LOOK-IN!*
FZZAPP!
HOWOO!
JACK'S BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN! WE'D BETTER *HOP IT* BEFORE IT LANDS ON OUR HEADS!
KRUNCH!


NOT EVERYONE IS AS FAST AS TOAD TRASHER...
UGH!
OOF!
OUCH!
SOON...
SPLENDID!
THEY SHOULD ALWAYS FIGHT ON *TRAPPED EEZIES*, EH, BOSS?
ER... GOOD IDEA, ORTHO. NOW COME ON, THIS MAN NEEDS MORE *BANDAGES!*
LATER...
THAT TRAPEZE WRESTLING LARK WAS *STUPID!* PLAIN DUMB!
TIGHTROPE WRESTLING IS FAR MORE SENSIBLE!
YEAH, AND IT ENSURES A *FINELY BALANCED* CONTEST!
THE END!

STICKLEBACK

WARNING - These holds are performed by Monster Wrestlers who have trained all their lives to fight in the ring and, in many cases, are far too stupid to feel any pain. Don't try them at home!



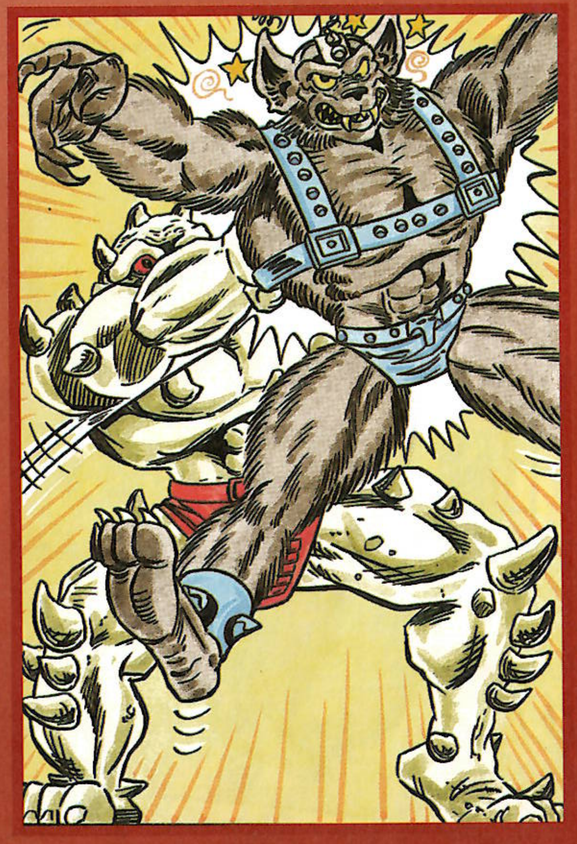
STICKLEBACK

Career Victories:
two hundred and thirty nine
Championship Belts:
thirty-six (or is it six-thirty?)
Hobbies:
spike sharpening and shouting
Favourite Food:
prickly pears, beans on toast
Likes:
charging around very fast
Dislikes:
small jam jars with strings attached to them - YIKES!
Most Feared Opponent:
Stickleback - he's the only wrestler I haven't managed to beat yet
Future Ambitions:
ask me next year and I'll know

WRESTLING SUPERSTARS

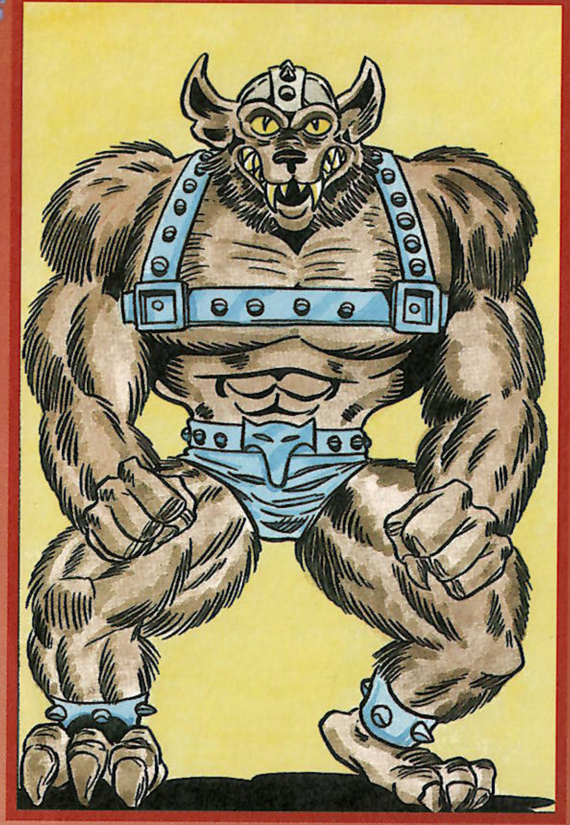
Favourite Hold:
THE SPINAL TAP

Stickleback's all-time number one manoeuvre is a masterful example of the value of surprise tactics. Turning his back on his opponent, he kneels down and all but kisses the floor in front of him. Then, as the other wrestler approaches him, he shuffles backwards very quickly through their legs, springs to his feet and delivers a sound blow to the base of their spine! Only a few wrestlers can stand up to this brutal hold, mostly because they don't have any feeling in the bottom of their backs. That's why Stickleback hates spineless fighters!

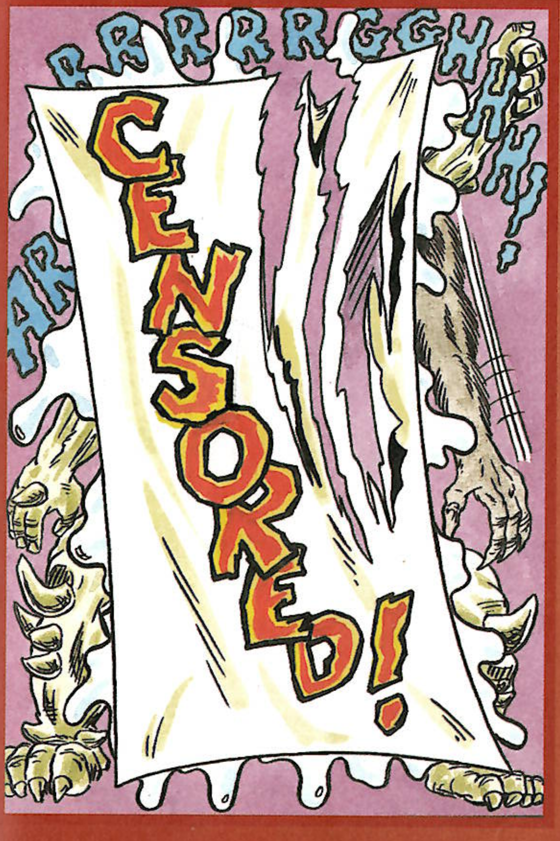


HOWLIN' PROWLIN' WEREWOLF

Career Victories:
ten thousand million and seven
Championship Belts:
all of 'em
Hobbies:
howlin' and prowlin'
Favourite Food:
mint sauce, grannys with unusually big eyes, big ears and big teeth
Likes:
full moons, long hair, sharp teeth
Dislikes:
lunar eclipses, barbers' shops and frequent visits to the dentist
Most Feared Opponent:
anyone with a silver bullet
Future Ambitions:
to curb my natural modesty

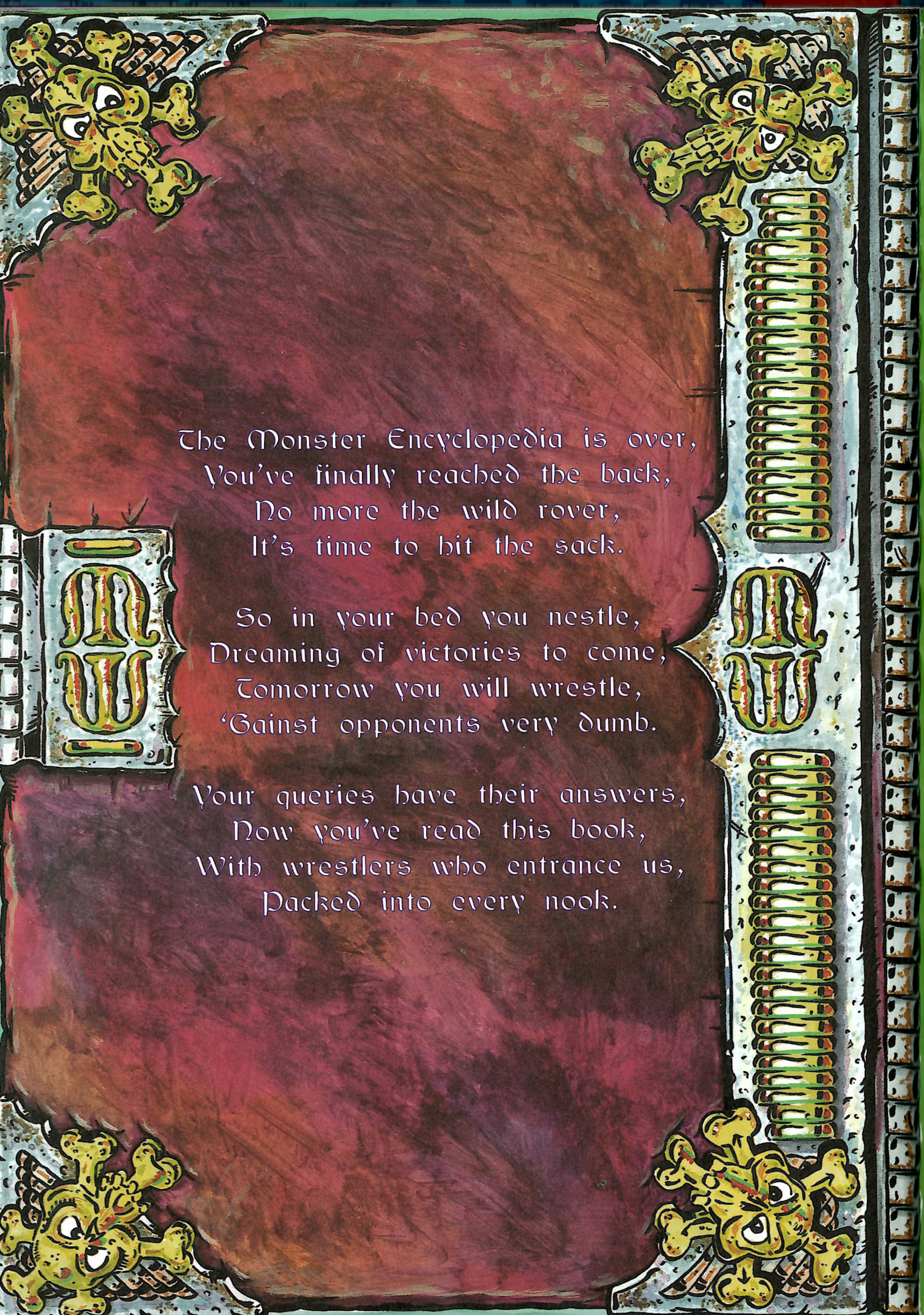


HOWLIN' PROWLIN' WEREWOLF


ARRRRRRGGHHH!
CENSORED!

Favourite Hold:
THE BODY SLICE

Possibly the most vicious of all Monster Wrestling holds, Howlin' Prowlin' Werewolf's Body Slice is an irresistible move which always results in its victims requiring emergency surgery from the Physio Terrorists. The gory details are far too gory and much too detailed to be gone into here. Suffice to say that the Body Slice involves long claws, sharp teeth and lots of werewolfy enthusiasm. The fact that the Physio-Terorrists have opened a special ward to treat his victims is a tribute to the effectiveness of this wrestling hold.



The Monster Encyclopedia is over,
You've finally reached the back,
No more the wild rover,
It's time to hit the sack.

So in your bed you nestle,
Dreaming of victories to come,
Tomorrow you will wrestle,
'Gainst opponents very dumb.

Your queries have their answers,
Now you've read this book,
With wrestlers who entrance us,
Packed into every nook.

WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!

15 BIG BIG BIG PRIZES TO BE WON!

WHADDYA WANT!?

TONIGHTS GRAPPLE

You want a whole bunch of rude, crude guys with bad attitude to boot?
You got a ***Monster Wrestlers Collection 4 Pack!***

You want some pretty mean machinery for keeping those big bulging biceps in trim?
You got a ***Monster Wrestling Training Set!***

You want full a medical back-up team to bandage you up after a major manic maul?
You got a ***Monster Wrestlers Physio-Terrorist Set!***

You want a wrestling ring with elasticated ropes that gives the OK to bags of aerial action?
You got a ***Monster Wrestlers Grappling Ring!***

You want a prizewinners' podium, 32 Grapple cards, the Grapple Billboard and the Champions Cup?
You got a ***Monster Wrestlers Champion Set!***

WHAT!? You want all these things!? Are you serious!? Well...they can all be yours if you win this furiously fantastic free-to-enter competition! We have 15 SETS containing the above Monster Wrestlers goodies to give away to 15 lucky winners!

To be in with a chance of being a BIG winner, all you have to do is unscramble this jumbled-up Monster Wrestler's name:

USE BOLD ROCK

Write your answer together with your name, age and address on a postcard or stuck-down envelope, stick on a stamp and post it to:

Monster Wrestlers In My Pocket
Annual 1996 Competition
World International
Egmont House
PO Box 111
Great Ducie Street
Manchester M60 3BL

The closing date for this competition is 31st January 1996. The first 15 correct entries selected at random after the closing date will each win the sets of Monster Wrestlers items mentioned on this page.

RULES
Employees of Vivid Imaginations, World International or their respective agents may not enter this competition. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. The closing date for this competition is 31st January 1996. A list of winners will be available on request after 7th February 1996.

13

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